

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The reception tendered Mr. Blake and the ill-mannered demonstration held on the following evening in the Auditorium are, of course, the events of the week. The latter meeting was originally conceived by men who appear to have no particular mission on earth, except to keep an insanely distrustful eye upon the Roman Catholics, so that whenever the Dogs are discovered to be making a noise they can squeeze their little bellows and raise some sort of a Protestant counter-blast. This may be the highest use to which our superior variety of Christianity can be put, but it really does not look like it when viewed dispassionately.

The Pavilion meeting was nothing more nor less than a welcome home to a distinguished countryman who had won honors abroad. It was so distinctly this that it was not known for a time whether the details of that welcome would be superintended by the Young Liberals of Toronto or by the Hibernian lodges of the city. A good, rousing welcome home to a gifted Canadian who had traversed the ocean and written his name and colonial address across the face of British politics, this was the heart-thought of the whole thing. It is therefore that I call the Auditorium meeting an ill-mannered demonstration, for it was designed to qualify that welcome and to belittle the performance of the man.

Precious little influence either meeting will have upon the course of events in Great Britain, and considerable is the vanity of those memorialists who buttressed the tottering Empire on Tuesday evening with their hollow, tinkling resolutions. When Home Rule was more of an open question than it is now, an Imperial intimation reached Ottawa that Canada might find employment attending to her own business, and now that the people of the British Isles have studied and recorded a verdict on the proposal, it is scarcely likely that they will value our opinion as superior to their own. Mr. Blake in the House of Commons as member for Longford is of more importance to the movement than the five million others of us who stay at home and "holler." Viewed as a peril to the British Empire, Bryan Lynch can scarcely be pronounced terrifying. The most menacing demonstration that he and his friends could make would not prevent the screeching placards issued by William Bell from being ridiculous and maudlin. The uniformed corps of Orangemen are equipped with axes, and it has occurred to me that the choice of accoutrement may not be motiveless. At all events, the procession of men with little axes who rush to the Orange grindstone whenever Mr. Bell starts to whistle and turn the handle, is so large that the symbol acquires a singular appropriateness. Sincere men took a hand in Tuesday's meeting, but sincere men will always be turned to account by the self-seeking.

Those who cheered the Cork man's sarcastic statement that "we in Ireland do not know what is good for us, forsooth, we require a man from Canada to come over and tell us," evidently did not notice that the sarcasm struck them as hard as it did Mr. Blake. Were they not also Canadians—were they not also by means of certain resolutions telling the people of Ireland what would be good for them? Worse and worse, were they not sending word to Ireland that the two-thirds majority of Irishmen were wrong, whereas Mr. Blake went over to reason the matter with the one-third minority? The Cork man was certainly very severe upon those who thoughtlessly applauded him, and the latter were not unlike the twelfth man in the jury who called the other eleven pig-headed for disagreeing with him. When the man from Cork had made his cutting allusions to those outsiders who presumed to prescribe what would be good for Ireland, he was succeeded by the man from Coleraine, who forthwith declared that the Irish had often shown that they were unfit for self-government. If that be true, Mr. Blake's presence in Ireland is justified. A man of his parts can surely be turned to some account in that laudable of incapables; and since they must be governed by brains from without, his right to contribute some is as good as another's. Is there anything wrong with this reasoning?

If Mr. Gladstone has not outlined the form of Home Rule which he intends to bestow upon Ireland, at least Mr. Blake has outlined the form of it which he is contending for. He asks for a Local Legislature within the Union, and to that length the good wishes of nearly

every Canadian accompany him. I have never bothered my head much about Home Rule, nor has the average Canadian, but it would be hard to convince me that there is anything alarming in such a measure as Mr. Blake outlines. He has been as explicit in Longford and in London as he has been in the Pavilion. He intends no ultimate villainy, yet his moderate statements of what is wanted suited his Irish audiences. This should be reassuring, and would be, only an organized body is under obligations to regard the Pope of Rome as occupying an opaque relation to Irish politics. To those of us who care mighty little about the subject, preferring to worry over things nearer our own hearths, there seems no great danger in a scheme which in the course of logical growth will one day give Scotland, England and Wales local chambers similar to the one now asked for Ireland. Douglas Armour and other speakers on Tuesday evening who referred to Home Rule as a Romish enterprise, must surely forget that the volunteer movement of one hundred and twenty years ago was purely Presbyterian, and that the rebellion of '98 was born in Ulster. Wolfe Tone, Rev. William Jackson, William Orr and many others who were hanged or escaped the gallows by committing suicide in prison at that time, were Protestants. John Mitchell, one among other Protestants banished to Van Dieman's Land in '47, was the son of a

Protestant who did not find it necessary to oust Thompson for religious reasons, but that on the other hand they will find that the Church will follow for friendship's sake where heretofore it had a price. On the other hand, I know that the French Catholics will discover W. R. Meredith to be less of an ogre and a bigot than Archbishop Cleary and the Quebec press have described him. They will find in him a most affable and accomplished gentleman of broad liberality—a defensive power, not an aggressive one. Should Premier Abbott's health force him to retire, the proposed arrangement seems the most promising of any that could be devised.

MACK.
NEW YORK, Sept. 21, 1892.
Of late my existence has been so migratory that travel has become positively hateful. Wandering about, to be pleasant to anybody even as a change, must be surrounded by pleasant conditions. Such conditions are absent in either a business or pleasure trip undertaken at present through the United States of America. To an outsider American politics are not of any thrilling interest, and if the visitor is fed on it morning, noon and night he becomes weary of hearing states reckoned up as to how they will go and factions weighed as to how they may act. However, I think I never heard less politics during a presidential year than during my trips of 1892. Corbett and the cholera seem

the campaign. The great body of Republicans care nothing specially for Harrison. He is a small variety incapable of exciting enthusiasm, but quite "handy in keeping his fences up," as they call it when a man does not forget to look after his personal interests as regards his party. The common people—by this I mean those who are not professional politicians—have more belief in the honesty and patriotism of Grover Cleveland than they have had in the honesty and patriotism of any man since Abraham Lincoln, and to day, I am sure, there are millions more who think Cleveland the best man for the presidency than thought it of Abraham Lincoln until after he was shot. It must not be forgotten that Grover Cleveland polled a big popular majority, and had the election been by popular vote instead of by the electoral college he would have been far ahead of his adversary. Everything indicates that this is an "off year," a term generally applied to the years when there is not a presidential election and meaning that there is no great political excitement. Cleveland will reap the greater advantage from this, for while in cities and towns there is but slight interest the farmers mean business and are organizing a general assault upon a high tariff. The Homestead riots and many other evils which are perhaps indirectly chargeable to the monopolistic spirit created by years

I can learn I believe they are likely to succeed in turning the state over to the Democrats. No doubt the leaders are sore-heads, but they have obtained a large following of patriotic people who do not believe that Harrison is as strong or as straight a man as Cleveland. I may be wrong, at best I may be offering but a superficial opinion, but I believe that Tammany's fight against Cleveland in New York state has made him more friends than anything else. Ex-Governor Hill made his fight on Cleveland because when president he would not permit Tammany to pass the offices around amongst the heelers as if they were the spoils of war. Tammany fought Cleveland until they saw that the people believed in him and that their own power was being imperilled by opposing him. The best people in the Democratic party as well as the entire Republican party suspect Tammany, rightfully enough, of being corrupt and believe that their methods are a menace to republican institutions. The great spirit of the people of the United States is in favor of pure government and of strong and good men, and I believe that the individual impulses for good will unite in a wave strong enough to elect Grover Cleveland and demonstrate that the people are superior to the methods of their politicians. Even New York is likely to declare for Cleveland; the Tammanyites from a sense of self-preservation will try to elect him; the ambitions of Hill and Sheehan and Croaker—the Tammany chief—and of all the minor workers who will be hungry if Cleveland is defeated, are sufficient to insure their support.

Another thing in Cleveland's favor is the dignity of his personality. It is true that to people near him he is not attractive, but he never fails to speak out when an important question is being discussed, such, for instance, as the Silver Bill. His utterance on that question many months ago, when the whole West was in favor of unlimited coinage, was denounced by the Democracy as his political suicide, but his letter killed the Silver Bill and convinced the people that he was honest and that every influence he could bring to bear, either in public office or in private life, would be used to further the public good rather than his personal ambitions. Since it has become known that no man by writing a letter ever before won so many friends, his enemies have said that it was but another evidence of his strategic ability and of his hypocrisy. The people think differently and they admire the man whose motto has been that "Public office is a sacred trust."

It will be strange indeed if the man in whom the masses, irrespective of party, most believe, the man whom corrupt politicians of both parties most bitterly hate, is defeated in a year when there is no intense excitement, in a year when the quiet and unbiased opinion of the elector is apt to be recorded. If the verdict be against Cleveland I shall believe that the people of the United States are less impressionable, less quick to respond to what is good for the commonwealth than they have always been thought to be.

By the way, as I am talking about elections, the Conservative party would be in rather a queer box if, as I hear is not unlikely, the Liberals were to take up with the policy of Free Trade with Free Trade Countries. The cry which has been worked, and properly worked, against them of a disregard for British interests and too strong an attachment to our republican neighbors, would be forever quieted by such a move. The policy would be extremely popular with the farmers, and I do not see just how the Conservative party could successfully resist it. It is a question worth studying.

The canal policy of which I wrote some months ago—which included Free Trade with Great Britain—has evidently been long looked forward to by the Canadian Government, which now it is to be hoped proposes vigorous action, looking towards the bringing of ocean vessels into our lakes and freedom from United States interference. I hope, furthermore, they will not be forestalled in a proper adjustment of the tariff, by the Liberal party, for in the sincerity and patriotic intentions of the latter I have no great confidence. However, there is no doubt that the presidential election in the United States may have much to do with the next important move in Canadian affairs.

I think the policies of the two political parties in Canada are well exemplified by the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk railways. One is progressive and shows a belief in Canada, Canadians and Canadian institutions; the other is conducted in the belief that



DEATH OF PROCIS.

Mrs. E. Normand.

Presbyterian minister who himself preached and prayed for the rebel cause in '68. Parnell, too, was a Protestant, so Edward Blake is not singular. If you would pick out the twenty-five most prominent men who have been executed or transported for life since the famous rebellion because of opposition to the kind of British rule applied to Ireland, you would find that more than half of them were well educated Protestants, while the remainder were college-bred Roman Catholics of the wealthy middle class, able to analyze the condition of the people and to detect the causes of discontent. If Home Rule is a Romish cause it has been singularly well aided by Protestant blood and intelligence.

The supposed arrangement arrived at by the Cabinet last Saturday, whereby Sir John Thompson will become Premier and W. R. Meredith will succeed him as Minister of Justice, in case Sir John Abbott's health remains poor, has not much the matter with it. Thompson stands out in distinct relief from his colleagues as the one among them capable of leadership. He is actually leader now, owing to the Premier's illness and to the fact that, anyhow, Abbott is in the wrong chamber. Thompson's difficulty is that he is particularly nauseous to the Methodists—a religious denomination by whose teachings I find it is sinful to harbor hate even against one's enemy—and it is by way of compromise that Mr. Meredith is named for the portfolio of Justice. The latter carries scars received in crusades against the French language and Separate Schools in Ontario, and these wounds are expected to speak peace to the resentful Methodists when Sir John mounts the exalted dais. I expect that

to have supplanted the tariff and the war. All I know of the prize fight is the result, not of reading, but of hearing all about it at breakfast, dinner and supper ever since I crossed the river. I think I am now quite an authority on just what was done in all the rounds, and can give a reasonably expert opinion on what would have happened if things had been different. It does not take much to interest the great majority of people so long as the topic offered them is not worth discussing.

I have heard bets made on Grover Cleveland's weight and been entertained by a discussion as to the color of his wife's eyes and how old Baby Ruth is. Once in a while, but very seldom, he is spoken of as an honest, incorruptible man who made a good president. Some disgruntled Democrats call him a "stuffed idol;" others sneer at him as the "fat prophet." I really do not believe that the people of the United States are as deeply interested this year as in previous presidential years. Party bitterness is dying out, for it is now many years since the war and there is really no reasonable suspicion of the loyalty of either party—to themselves. I imagine that outside of that great mass of people who believe in Grover Cleveland as a strong-minded, honest and able man, there is no suspicion that any politician or section of politicians cares what is known in this country as a "cuss," for anything but office. Perhaps the lack of interest is partially caused by a belief that Harrison, too, is reasonably honest and sufficiently capable to fill the office for another term. No matter how it goes, it is felt that the country will be as well managed as usual.

Of course one discovers special features in

of war-taxation, are tending to make the masses dissatisfied with the present condition of affairs. The use of the militia in settling strikes has caused the working classes to better understand the meaning of the "Force bill" to which President Harrison has committed himself, and which, if it became law, would give undue power to the central authorities to settle election disputes in their own favor. The citizen soldiery are tired of being made the implements of greedy corporations, and thoughtful people are wondering if there are to be more regular troops, more conflicts between the people and that which the people have made—the Power—or whether old-fashioned Democracy is to have another chance to simplify matters, decrease the cost of government and the cost of living, while reducing the power of corporations, monopolists and Federal offices.

Of course there is much demagoguery in these agitations, yet there is much justice in the complaints. Low prices, general dissatisfaction and frequent disturbances are also working in favor of Cleveland. But I think the strongest factor in his favor is that the people love him for the enemies he has made. The professional politicians of the United States have during the past four years shown themselves to be cormorants determined to have everything. The great mass of the Republicans feel that Harrison did not resist the tricksters and office seekers as Cleveland did, nor do they credit him with following any high principle when he did oppose the raids of Republican heelers. In Indiana, his own state, there is a big Republican faction, and a rather high-class faction, that hates Harrison and is working night and day to defeat him. From all

Canadians are a mean-spirited race, that anything is good enough for them and that Canada is a mere appendage of the United States and an investment place for rash Englishmen. The success of the Canadian Pacific proves that its generous view is the proper one; the comparative failure of the political party with which it has allied itself, prove conclusively that the mean idea is resented by every public-spirited Canadian. I recently had a good example of the way the Grand Trunk does business. I was in Windsor and desired to come to Toronto. I was told there was a train leaving there at 7:40 in the evening. I went down to the Grand Trunk station and bought my ticket. On a second thought I went back and asked the agent, who had volunteered no information, what time I should arrive home, and found that I should be over twelve hours on the road, the train not making connection at Hamilton. My first impulse was to get my money back and go by the C. P. R. at one o'clock in the morning, but I was induced to keep my ticket and leave by the Grand Trunk at the same hour—one a.m. After I got on the train I found there was no through sleeping-car—another piece of petty concealment on the part of the agent, which if it is a portion of the policy of the road deserves general condemnation. I admit that I did not question the agent as to whether there would be a through sleeper; that sort of information is volunteered, as a rule, by those who have the slightest regard for the comfort of the passenger. The conductor told me that if I wanted a through sleeper I should have gone over to Detroit and taken it there, as there was but one and it went by the tunnel. The sleeper that crossed the river goes to Hamilton and the Bridge. In this way Windsor is side-tracked, and so is Toronto. Nothing is too good for through traffic, for the American passenger; nothing is too mean and uncomfortable for the Canadian passenger. When the conductor and brakeman came through, jointly examining—and jointly looking silly as they did it—the tickets of the passengers for fear that someone might steal the coach, I asked why Toronto people were treated in this way and was told that only about one Canadian in a hundred would take a sleeping-car anyhow. This is exactly what the Grand Trunk thinks of Canadians and they treat us in accordance with their low estimate as to what we know and what we are willing to pay for, and yet they are surprised that the Canadian Pacific has taken business away from them and that their earnings and their stocks are shrinking day by day. Of course I know that the conductor and brakeman are not responsible for the G. T. R. policy, yet when the heated passenger asks for information he should not be told that he is already occupying more than his share of room, with an implied threat to make him sit in the corner if he has anything more to say. In Toronto, where we have such a popular official at the head of passenger affairs as Mr. Slater, we do not meet the lower grade of Grand Trunk manners, but journey away from competing points such as this, and from the occasional and more or less accidental presence of gentlemen in charge of the G. T. R. business, and you see what the real policy of the road is and the success of the Canadian Pacific Railway is no longer to be wondered at.

Social and Personal.

A more perfect day could not have been secured from the Meteorological department than last Wednesday, when Mr. and Mrs. Cosby, ever hospitable, threw open their home for the entertainment of the delegates attending the Reform Alliance, and invited all their friends and acquaintances to meet them. The arrangements for the *fete*, perfect as they were, were taxed to the uttermost by the throng of guests that assembled in honor of the visitors and for their own enjoyment. A large marquee erected on the lawn, carpeted with rugs, held the long refreshment table, which was laden and replenished continually with all the delicacies suitable to an entertainment of the kind. An army of waiters dispensed tea, coffee, claret cup, ices, etc. The arrangements were so perfect and hospitality lavished with so free a hand that at no time were the twelve hundred incommoded for want of space. Mrs. Cosby's garden party to the delegates of the Reform Alliance is probably the largest entertainment ever given by a private resident to any visiting body in Toronto at any time, and was a grand success. Mrs. Cosby received her guests in a costume of striped brocade of a grayish color, exquisite duchesse lace forming the garniture; a Zouave jacket with front of white silk crepe; opal and diamond pins studding the front and collar; a most becoming hat with black velvet bows, pink velvet folds and wings of the same duchesse lace standing upright in front.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick wore a wide green striped brocade with guimpes of white silk, black leg-horn hat with profusion of velvet roses of the new rose magenta shade. The summery weather gave an opportunity for many very light toilettes to be worn. Especially pretty flowered china silks were worn by Mrs. Walter Barwick, Miss Frances Smith, the Misses Foy, and very pretty striped silks by the Misses Gooderham. Mrs. J. D. Hay wore a costume of gray cloth with Tudor cloak, felt hat and ostrich plumes of the same shade exactly, which was most becoming and chic. Amongst the guests, far too numerous for more than a partial list, were: Lieut. Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Rev. D. J. and Mrs. Macdonnell, Mr. and Mrs. Yarker, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Blake, Mr. and Mrs. W. Blake, Col. and Mrs. Otter, Mr. and Mrs. Coulson, Miss Lys, Sir Castlmir and Lady Gzowski, Mrs. Banks, Mrs. Alexander Cameron, Mrs. Langmuir, Miss Langmuir, Mrs. Montisambert, Principal and Mrs. Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. Homer Dixon, Prof. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Mrs. and Miss Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hay, Mr. and Mrs. H. Cawthra, Col. and Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. John Cawthra, Mrs. Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Jarvis, Miss Dupont, Justice and Mrs. Osler, Justice and Mrs. McLennan, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, Mrs. Clarkson, Mrs. C. Graess, Major Harrison, Mrs. A. Foy, Miss Frances Smith, the Misses Foy, Mr. and Mrs. Anglin, Mr. and Mrs. C. Baines, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Drayton, the Misses Dawson, Mrs. Gibson,

Mrs. Durie, Col. and Mrs. G. T. Denison, Miss Veals, the Misses McKellar, Miss Hector, Mr. and Mrs. C. Ryerson, Mr. and Mrs. M. Boulton, Dr. and Mrs. Ryerson, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Temple, Dr. and Mrs. Temple, Dr. and Mrs. Sprague, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Miss Cooke, Mr. Beverley Robinson, Mrs. S. S. McDonnell, Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick, Sir Oliver Mowat, Dr. and Mrs. Macfarlane, Mrs. Moffat, Hon. Frank Smith, Mrs. McDougall, Rev. G. M. and Miss Macbeth Milligan, Hon. G. W. and Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Albert Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther, Mr. and Mrs. Donald McKay, Miss McKay, Dr. and Mrs. Parsons, Mrs. and the Misses Parsons, Mr. Laurie, Mr. Shanley, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser McDonald, Mr. George Hart, Mr. A. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. William Merritt, Mrs. Alex. Davidson, Dr. and Mrs. Thorburn, Mr. A. M. Smith and party, and hundreds of other well known and prominent citizens.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Ernest Macrae have left the island and have taken up their residence at 49 Brunswick avenue, where Mrs. Macrae will receive her friends on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of next week.

Miss Dollie Long of New London, Conn., is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Dan A. Rose of 39 St. Mary's street.

Miss Fowler of Shannon street has just returned from a very pleasant vacation spent with friends in Lindsay.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Fred Webb of 88 Avenue road have returned after a pleasant trip to Yellowstone Park, Oakland, San Francisco, Portland, Oregon, and all the principal cities of the Pacific coast, Calgary, Brandon, Winnipeg, etc.

Miss E. Thomas of Belleville has returned to Toronto for the winter. Her many friends are pleased to see her again.

Miss Farlong of St. John, N. B., has been visiting friends in the city.

Mrs. Lyon of Ottawa was the guest of Mrs. Lewis recently.

Mr. E. Mitchell of Hamilton was in Toronto last week.

Mrs. Macfarlane of 300 Jarvis street has returned from her Eastern trip and will receive the first three Mondays in the month during the winter.

Mr. Ashton Fletcher, Q. C., of Woodstock, was in town last week.

Mrs. J. Cayley has returned home from Muskoka.

Mrs. Richard Nettle of Peoria, U. S., was in town this week.

Mrs. (Dr.) Macdonald and family of Simcoe street returned last Tuesday from De Grassi Point, where they have spent the summer months.

Eddie Reburn, Toronto's boy singer, has been filling several out-of-town engagements with great success.

Mr. Warden, Mr. Coste and Mr. Bristowe of Ottawa, who played in the two great cricket matches which came off recently, were in town last Monday.

Sir Whittaker and Lady Ellis were in town yesterday en route to Montreal. Sir Whittaker Ellis was Lord Mayor of London in 1881.

An interesting wedding among the many celebrated this week was that of Mr. Frederick Quirk and Miss Minnie Castle, which took place in historic St. James' Episcopal church at noon on Tuesday. Rev. Arthur Manning officiated.

Miss Norma Reynolds has returned from a Muskoka and Thousand Islands holiday.

Cards are out for the marriage ceremony and reception of Miss Jane Michie and Dr. Cowan, which happy event takes place on October 4.

Prof. Orr of Edinburgh, Rev. Dr. Ramsay of Closeburn, Scotland, Rev. J. McGaw, Rev. John Paton and Prof. Rintoul of Melbourne, Australia, are among the delegates to the Presbyterian council, which has just been concluded in the Queen City.

Senator W. E. Sanford of Hamilton was in town this week.

The Hon. John Costigan of Ottawa was in the city recently.

The Misses Foster have returned to the city after their summer trip.

Mr. W. R. Meredith arrived home from his European trip the latter part of last week.

Dr. R. H. Mason of Scarborough was in town this week.

Miss Waters of Ottawa has been visiting Mrs. Falconbridge.

The Rosedale grounds presented a very gay and animated appearance last Saturday afternoon, when there was the usual immense throng of people to witness the match between the Montreal and Toronto. The play was quite exciting, and as the games progressed the majority in the grand stand appeared to be as enthusiastic as usual, which proves how very popular this game is in Toronto. It was a very closely contested match and notwithstanding the many times the Torontos displayed great skill, they failed to score a victory over Montreal. Among those present I noticed: Mr. and Miss Bain, Mr. Featherstonhaugh, Miss Hedley, Mr. Martin, the Misses Bright, Mr. Strickland, Mr. Swaby, Miss Smith, Mr. J. Magee, Mr. Macdonnell, Miss V. Mason, Miss T. Mason, Mr. J. Jones, Mr. McCarthy, Mr. Hutchinson, Mr. H. Willis, Miss L. Wise, Mr. Burgess, Miss Cassels, Mr. Hutchins, Miss Hodgert, Dr. Allan, Dr. Stacy, Mr. Johnston, Miss Gurney, Mr. Morton, Mr. Fahey and Mr. Carter.

Miss M. F. Boylan, who has been spending the holidays with friends in the States, returned on September 1, and resumed her classes in music.

There was a very pleasant family gathering

at 23 Isabella street, one evening last week, to celebrate the silver wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Lee. Among the guests were: Mr. Lee's venerable mother, Mr. and Mrs. George Massey of New York and Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Bastedo of Newmarket.

A pretty wedding took place at St. Thomas' church on Tuesday afternoon. The bride was Miss Annie Baldwin, daughter of the late W. A. Baldwin of Masquillie, and the groom was Mr. C. P. Whelan of the Dominion Bank. The costume of the bride was rich white silk, veil and wreath of orange blossoms; she carried a bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaids were Miss McLeod of Drynoch, Miss Julia Buchanan and Miss Helen MacLeod. They wore pretty costumes of white India silk, Leghorn hats and carried bouquets of white carnations and scarlet geraniums. The groomsmen were Mr. Edward Greig, and the ushers Messrs. Charlie Baldwin, Ernest Lefroy, Robert Baldwin and James Strachan. The guests, with few exceptions, were members of the bride's family. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Baldwin, Master Martin Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Emilius Baldwin, Mr. St. George Baldwin and Miss Ethel Baldwin, Dr. and Mrs. Augustus Baldwin, Mr. R. R. Baldwin, Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Baldwin, Miss Patrice Baldwin, Mr. Ernest Lefroy, Miss Beatrice Lefroy, Mr. and Mrs. W. Wilcocks Baldwin, Mrs. Baldwin, Mr. Stephen Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Cassels, Dr. and Mrs. Leslie, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Buchanan, Miss Gwen Buchanan, Mrs. Robert Baldwin, Miss Katie Baldwin, Rev. J. Macqueen Baldwin, Dr. and Mrs. W. Warren Baldwin, Dr. Edward St. G. Baldwin, Rev. H. G. and Mrs. Baldwin, the Misses Ridley, Miss Helen MacLeod, Master Norman MacLeod, Mr. Harry MacLeod, Miss Alexa MacLeod, Mr. H. Quetton St. George, Mrs. Moss, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Moss, the Misses Moss, Mr. and Mrs. Ven Brown, Mr. Justice, Mrs. and Miss Falconbridge, Dr. and Mrs. Hillary, Mrs. Hale, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Martin, Miss Rosser, Rev. L. Smith, Rev. T. W. and Mrs. Patterson, Dr. and Mrs. Spencer, Mr. Edward Greig, Mr. James Strachan, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Brough, Mrs. and Miss Sullivan, Miss Moffat, Mr. and Mrs. Kirwan Martin.

Mr. G. S. Forsyth celebrated his twenty-first birthday on Tuesday evening, September 13, by entertaining a large party of friends at his home, Adelaide street east. Among those present were: The Misses Dick, the Misses Stanley, Miss A. Taylor, Miss Nellie Brown, Miss D. Douglas, Miss Yettie Hoffenbacher of Hancock, Mich., Miss Coleman, Miss Jean Bain, Miss Haines, Miss M. Vogan of Caledon, Miss Smith, Miss Sadie Dance, Miss Bertha Scott, Miss Sadie Allen, Miss Ella Forsyth, Miss Annie Forsyth, Mrs. George Murray of Rosedale, and Messrs. Herbert Dunning, William Beggs, J. Rutland, Walter Beggs, Harry Smith, Fred Smith, A. Broughton, Harry Sylvester, H. C. Arnold, Robert McCaul, Gerrard Fudger and S. S. Vogan.

Mrs. Postlethwaite of Wellington place, who has several young visiting friends, gave a progressive euchre party on Wednesday evening, a novel feature in the entertainment being that each of the four prize winners was expected to sing a song, make a speech, or tell a humorous story. These conditions were admirably observed by Miss Edith Shaw, Miss Maude Scales, Mr. Harry Sullivan and Mr. Alex. Williams, the fortunate prize winners, who contributed much to the jollity of the evening. After supper a couple of hours' dancing ensued and all went home well pleased with the amusement furnished by their genial host and hostess.

Mr. and Mrs. John Waldie have returned from England.

The Baroness Macdonald, of Earncliffe, who has been spending the summer on the Lower St. Lawrence, has been making a delightful tour through Lower Canada. She is accompanied by Mrs. Fitzgibbon and Miss Cawthra of Toronto.

On Thursday evening Mr. and Mrs. Webster of the College of Music gave a lovely *musical* of vocal and mandolin music. The crowd of musical and fashionable folk in attendance were delighted with the mandolin selections, and I dare say many a modish belle will not rest until she masters the graceful and tuneful instrument.

The marriage of Mr. James Ince, second son of Mr. William Ince of the firm of Perkins & Ince, with Miss Ethel McCarthy, only daughter of Mr. D. Alton McCarthy, will take place October 8.

Mrs. Folkes is paying a visit to her mother, Mrs. John Strachan, at Deneside, Trinity College.

Rev. Dr. Snodgrass, formerly of Kingston, now of Ellensburg, is, during the meeting of the Reform Alliance, the guest of Miss Michie, Westlawn.

Mrs. Montague Strange of Kingston has been in Toronto visiting her sister, Mrs. Yarker.

Col. and Mrs. S. veny have returned to their winter residence, Rohallion.

Major and Mrs. Foster have returned to 185 Beverley street until November.

Mrs. T. J. McIntyre of Cecil street gave a very pretty evening last Saturday, which took the form of a *musical*. Among the guests were: Miss Zeland of Hamilton, Miss Guest of St. Mary's, Mr. W. and Miss Lampert, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Vogt, Mr. Bert Pattullo, Mr. Sampson, and Dr. Carroll of London.

Mr. Fred C. Knowles of Newmarket has been visiting for the past week with his uncle, Sheriff Widdiefield, of Wellington place.

Mrs. Arnold W. Thomas has returned from a visit to Buffalo, N. Y., accompanied by Mrs. W. H. Cowper of that city, who will spend a few days in Toronto.

Miss May Beacock of Brockville is the guest of Mrs. Bewetherick of 270 Seaton street.

Mr. J. F. Lawson, secretary of the Toronto Bicycle Club, was presented, on September 15,

with a very handsome gold watch by the Board of Directors of the club, as a slight recognition of the very able manner in which he conducted the business of their late race-meet.

Mrs. E. J. Salisbury of Smith's Falls, formerly of this city, is renewing old acquaintances here.

Mrs. Burns of Simcoe street gave a delightful dance on September 16, for Mr. and Mrs. J. Burns, Jr., of Vancouver. Among those present I noticed: Mr. and Mrs. Gunther, Mrs. Wishart, D., and Mrs. Greig, Miss Maggie Crawford, Miss Scott, the Misses Nairn, the Misses Massie, Mr. Massie, Mr. Ernest Burns, Miss B. Dixon, Miss Eva Kennedy, Messrs. Keith, Mr. Watson, Mr. and the Misses Martin, Mr. Ed. and the Misses McClung, Dr. MacKenzie, Mr. and Miss Morse, Miss Keith and Mr. Webb.

Dr. Ross of the London Asylum medical staff is at his home in Gderich for a brief visit.

Dr. W. J. D. laney of Waterbury, Conn., has been the guest of Mrs. Smith of Isabella street for the past week. He left for home Wednesday morning.

Mrs. Ball, daughter of Mr. C. B. Stevens, has arrived in England on a visit.

Mrs. C. B. Stevens is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Wallace of Orangeville.

Mrs. G. H. MacIntyre of St. Mary's, Mrs. Clay of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Mrs. Macoun of Stratford and Miss Maud Stevenson of Guelph are the guests of Mrs. MacIntyre, Cecil street.

Mr. J. A. Culverwell, representative of the Edison General Electric Company at Montreal, spent a few days in Toronto this week visiting his parents on Dovercourt road.

Mr. and Mrs. John Webster of Crawford street have returned from the island.

Mr. and Mrs. Piper of Parkdale have removed to Grenville street.

Mr. R. S. Williams of Gderich has been in town for a short visit.

A splendid reception was given by the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick to the delegates of the Reform Alliance yesterday afternoon, of which I will give particulars next week.

A delightful dance was given by Mrs. R. A. Pyne on Thursday evening for her guests, Mrs. Fred McQueen and Miss Lowe.

Mrs. Freeland of Murray street received on several days of last week; she wore a delicate pale green wool crepon, with vest of white brocade. Mrs. Freeland was assisted in receiving by Miss Grant and Miss Jennings.

Dr. Gibson of London, England, delegate to the Pan- Presbyterian Council, is the guest of his brother, Mr. Goodwin Gibson, Deer Park.

Dr. Blaikie of Edinburgh is the guest of his cousin, Mr. J. L. Blaikie, Bloor street west.

Dr. Paton is the guest of Mr. James Park of Duke street.

Among the interesting visitors to the Reform Alliance are Dr. and Mrs. Laws; the doctor is the medical missionary to the natives in Livingstonia, Africa, where he has resided for twenty-two years.

Mrs. Charles Pilon received on Wednesday last, in her pretty new house on Beverley street. Her reception dress, which was much admired, was of deep peacock green silk, with vest of cream surah. She was assisted by Miss Amy Rutherford, who wore pale lavender silk with lavender and gold passementerie.

Mr. Macadam Muir of Morningside, Edinburgh, is the guest of Rev. G. Macbeth Milligan.

Much sympathy is felt for the Bishop of Algoma, whose serious illness causes grave anxiety among his host of friends and admirers.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wedd and family have returned from their island home.

Miss Maynard has gone to Montreal on a visit to friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Wedd of St. Andrew's street are coming home next week.

Mr. Frank Deane gives a pianoforte recital at Messrs. Williams' music warehouses, 143 Yonge street, this afternoon at 3:30 o'clock.

Mrs. Jack King of St. George street has gone to New York.

A quiet wedding took place on Wednesday at twelve o'clock, between Miss Daisy Logan of Strachan avenue and Mr. Charles Brown of Chicago, formerly of Toronto. The bride wore a handsome traveling costume in fawn shades, and carried a bouquet of white roses. Only the relatives of the parties were present. Mr. and Mrs. Brown left on the afternoon train for Chicago. The wedding gifts were unusually beautiful and numerous.

Mr. and Mrs. Garvin and family of Linden street have returned to town.

A charming At Home was given last Tuesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Darling of (Continued on Page Eleven)

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Autumn Styles and Materials.

THE garment most needed in the first cool days of autumn is a small wrap to be thrown on over semi-season gowns. At present this useful wrap is a small round cape of cloth, or rather, three superposed capes, the uppermost reaching to the shoulder-tips, the lowest just touching the hips, while the second is half-way between. A surah lining, somewhat in the shape of a round yoke, is at the top of the deepest cape; the others rest in layers on this foundation, without height on the shoulders, their edges smoothly cut and entirely untrimmed. A wide box-pleated ruche of black velvet is around the neck, with ribbon ends to be tied in a large bow at the throat. These capes come in bright red, gray-blue, dark blue, and tan-colored cloths, and are to be worn with various dresses. For later in the season are slightly longer triple capes of cloth, warmly lined, and furnished with a high collar of fur, such as black Astrakhan or the brown Labrador fur. A deep military cape of cloth held in Watteau folds down the back has a gay embroidered collar. Velvet capes promise to be fashionable when falling in a single deep curve with a great deal of fullness massed in the back. These are cut with a single sloping seam in the back and extend low on the hips. The high collar flares slightly, and below this is a collar of velvet falling in pleats, the sides reaching to the shoulder-tips, the front and back pointed longer. This is very handsome in changeable green and black velvet with a pale violet satin lining. Back passementerie stripes radiate from the neck between the pleats of the collar, and below this falls a rain fringe of heavy jet. Small ostrich tips are set parallel in a row each side of the front. Long round cloaks for receptions fall in a broad Watteau pleat, and are made of black satin richly brocaded with metals in a flower design, and finished with a flaring collar of black Mongolian fur. Black velvet cloaks reaching to the knee are quite round and flowing in the back, but are belted in mantilla shape in front, and are richly embroidered in black silks by the needle. Carriage cloaks of tan, pistache green, or violet cloth have a deep collar and front trimming of fleecy black Mongolian fur. Others of similar round shape have a small Jane cape of three ruffles of the cloth bound with black Astrakhan, and these garments may be worn together or separately, as the weather requires.

The cloth coats most largely imported are of three-quarter length and have very large sleeves. Some are closely fitted and have lapped fronts, while many are fitted in the back only, the front falling straight and opening on a vent. The latter plan is adopted for some handsome jackets of green, brown and tan cloths, the colors that prevail in such garments. Large *directoire* revers and bertha-like frills of cloth or of velvet are features of new garments. Another fancy is that of using two kinds of fur on one coat, the revers and collar being of a flat fur, to which is added a narrow fleecy fur to serve as a border. A dark green cloth coat with long revers of black Astrakhan of very fine quality is edged with an inch-wide border of brown Labrador fur with long soft pile. The high collar and flaring cuffs are also combinations of these two furs. This handsome coat is fitted in the back, but has straight loose fronts falling open on a deep Continental vest of velvet, which has pin dots all over its surface and a wide printed border of rich colors down each side of the middle.

The foulard and cotton blouses of summer will soon be superseded by waists of plaid silk, which may be had in gay Scotch tartans, and also in more subdued French coloring. Sometimes only the upper part of a guimpe and large bias sleeves are made of plaid silk to fill out a corselet and skirt of serge, tweed, or vicogne, but the entire waist of plaid is largely imported, to wear with various skirts of dark wool or silk. A gay silk waist of bright Stuart plaid, with red as the prevailing color, is gathered on a fitted lining that points slightly in front and back, the sides defining the waist line. The silk is bias throughout, with the fullness from the shoulders drawn down under a folded girdle of the same that points upward quite high in front and slopes to a two-inch belt in the back. A slight gilt buckle which curves in with the figure is passed through the front of the girdle, while the back is fastened under a rosette. A collar of the silk with selvedge finish is pleated below a high collar, and points low in front and back, while the shorter shoulder pleats reach only to the top of the sleeves. These sleeves are large gignots of bias silk with turned-over cuffs. A beautiful guimpe for dark blue or green dresses is made of white silk with bias bars of blue and green, each edged with bright yellow.

Black satin merveilleux with colored stripes is also used for separate waists. Line stripes of pink with blue, or green with mauve and yellow, are very effective on black grounds. These waists have a double box-pleat down the back, with fronts gathered on the shoulders and trimmed down the middle with two projecting ruffles that are selvedge-edged. The collars and cuffs of doubled satin are turned over and square-cornered. Such waists are long enough to extend over the hips if desired, but are most often worn with the ends passed inside the skirt. A belt of satin has a *chou* or a buckle in front.

Jacket corsages prevail among newly imported French dresses. These are made in various ways, but instead of having a separate blouse as during the summer, they are now in but one piece, a fitted lining being trimmed down the front to represent a vest or shirt waist, and the waist proper placed permanently upon this representing a jacket. The short *directoire* jacket waist with immense revers is adopted by Felix for dresses of the new wool velvets with long pile, and the popular corded Russian velvets in changeable tints. The back is usually seamless, being of the velvets stretched over a fitted lining, and is slightly pointed, then is edged with fur or galloon, or with both, which serves also as a border to the loose jacket fronts. Revers of the fleecy velvets are sometimes merely stitched along the edges, while others are bound with

illuminated galloon. Satin of a contrasting color is used for the puffed frilled vest under these velvets jackets, one of the most popular combinations being a bright green vest with jacket waist and skirt of tan velvets. Rough surfaced bourrette woollens in which several colors are seamlessly woven together—the ground tan-color, with red, green and blue threads interspersed—form jacket bodices, with ruffled vest of golden-tan silk ribbed heavily and taken bias. Two bands of brown fur divided by narrow galloon edge the jacket back, the neck, and the wrists of the large sleeves. The bell skirt is bordered by double rows of fur and galloon.

The Mikado jacket, open up the back as well as in front, appears again, but is made elaborate by ribbon-like revers that start in a point in front, widen on the shoulders to fall over the sleeves, are then pleated in the back of the collar, and descended in folded points to the waist in the back. This complicated little jacket is made by Felix, of widely twilled vicogne in a pinkish-brown shade over one of the pretty new velvets in very narrow stripes of pale rose and green. The velvet is laid smoothly on the lining, with its little stripes all meeting to form points, and is edged with a jeweled galloon of light green jade and topaz cabochon on a gilt ground. The sleeves have wide yet short Empire puffs of bias-striped velvet above close sleeves of vicogne that are twice striped around with the gay galloon. The bell skirt is finished with a box-pleating four inches wide of vicogne, hemmed at the lower edge, but cut and raveled at the top, and above this are two bias folds of the striped velvet, each an inch wide.

Aphorisms.

The man who is hard up can't very well come down.
The board of health may be variously composed, but the board of dyspepsia clings feverishly to oatmeal.
It's seldom the same divinity that shapes both our ends; for the D. D. who christened us is very likely to die before he has a chance to preach our funeral sermons.

Discriminating.

Miss Goldust—You are a friend of Mr. Upson Downes, I believe?
Kirby Stone—No.
Miss Goldust—Why, he told me he was a friend of yours!
Kirby Stone—Oh, he is! but I make it a rule never to borrow, myself.

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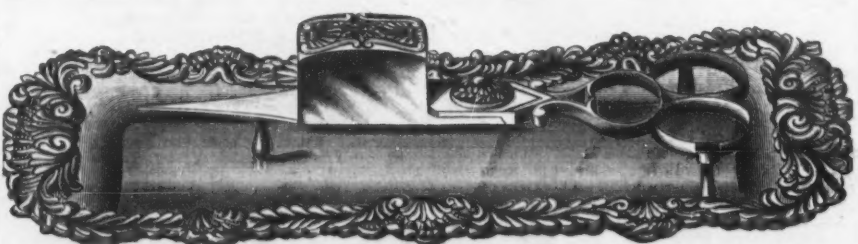
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China Silks, 700 pieces, 17½ yard.
Pongor Silks, colored, 250.
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Shot Silks, leading colors, 40.
Duchess 5-tille, great value, 35c. worth 60c.
Corded Bengalis, leading colors, 85c.
Surahs, fine, 45c.
Surahs, pure silk, 35 inch, 60c.

For evening wear these silks are very select, and we have perfected arrangements to show them in the day time by gaslight, thus securing the best choice in selection.

The range of black silks is very wide and contains many remarkable values.

Gros Grain, Black Silk, 55c.
Gros Grain, Black Silk, 65c., 85c., 91.
Peau de Soire, 85c.

Some very special selections in failles and bengalines.
Order silks by letter. Our mail order system does it all.

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We have engaged Mr. D. Winfield, seven years head cutter with Marquis & Co., of London, Eng., and our Salon will be opened in a few days. Mr. R. J. Score has just returned from Europe with the very latest designs in Ladies' goods. Prices moderate.

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STANDARD DRESS BONES

The steel is extra quality, non-corrosive, metal tipped, securely stitched and fastened in a covering of superior saten. Can be relied on not to stain, cut through at the ends, or become detached.

Ask for Them
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IZOD'S PATENT CORSETS
Are the Best
Prepared by a New and Special Scientific Process.
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The Edelweiss.

(Translated from the German for Saturday Night.)

The morning would be a feast day and all the girls of the valley would wear in their corsets bunches of flowers which their lovers had plucked for them from the ledges and crags which towered high above their Tyrolean home.

Kaspar had promised his sweetheart—his Trini, with the hazel eyes, apple-bloom cheeks, cherry lips and dark brown tresses—that he would gather for her a bunch of edelweiss which should excel all others.

She had tried to dissuade him from climbing a rocky crag known as Toe Nose, the ascent of which was a very dangerous matter, but he had declared that only high up amid its fastnesses bloomed blossoms worthy of bedecking his queen. Then he had kissed her passionately and bounded away up the slope, and now quick as a chamois he was bounding from rock to rock and ledge to ledge, gathering the star flowers.

Below him misty cloudlets floated, veiling the valley, but as he knelt upon a small plateau to arrange his flowers, they seemed to dissipate and he saw clearly his cottage nestling far below, amid the verdure of the valley. Soon his bouquet would be complete and he would return. How dear to him was that humble cottage, dearer because it would soon be shared by his Trini, and harboring these tender thoughts he knelt dreaming day dreams of after years.

The sun had begun to decline towards the west, and he knew that he must soon commence his return journey. He fastened the flowers upon his hat and was about to descend, when he espied a cluster of edelweiss of most bewitching beauty, the like of which he had never seen before.

Upon a little ledge some inches square, which jutted out from the cliff, they rested invitingly and daring any one to pluck them, for far below as the eye could pierce the opaque shadow there was no bottom to the small abyss which protected them from the ravages of man.

Within him there grew a desire to possess the flowers, but his eye measured the distance and he knew that they were beyond his reach. He sat gazing at them, his desire increasing until it forced him to attempt to pluck them.

Grasping a large stone with one hand to sustain his weight, he leaned over the abyss. The ends of his fingers were within two inches of the coveted blossoms. He grasped the rock lower down, and lurching forward strained every sinew of his powerful frame to span the distance, but try as he would he could not pluck them, so he drew himself back and rested, then renewed his efforts.

From afar a returning chamois hunter watched him through his glass. He saw him fasten his belt around the boulder and again try to reach the flower. He saw him pluck them and then try to pull himself back to the ledge, but the strain was too great upon the rock, and it became dislodged from its place—he was precipitated down into the yawning chasm.

Hurrying down from his place of observation, the hunter descended into the ravine, hoping to render him assistance, but when he reached him life was extinct. He found only a corpse, mangled and bruised but still gripping in one hand a bunch of flowers, the flowers which had cost him his young life.

The pleasure of presenting them to his Trini had been wrested from him, but when his body was borne to the valley, she extricated them from his grasp and covered them with passionate kisses. Henceforward they were to be her talisman against evil. When she kissed them it brought back fond memories of his kisses. When she grew heart-sick and weary she kissed them the oftener, and gazing up at a gilded cross which had been erected upon the spot from which he had fallen she would ask God to take her to himself.

The summer passed and winter closed down upon the valley, a wasting disease began its undermining process, and when the valley again took on the emerald robe of springtime she was summoned away—a gracious All-Father granted her wish. HARRY A. BROWN.

Telling the News.

"Have you heard the news?" she asked as she burst into the family circle like a flower in full bloom, a peony at that.

"No, what is it? What's happened? Somebody married? Do tell us quick!"

"Wait till I get my breath! I never was so frustrated in my life! I've just heard of it, and I could not believe my own ears. After the way she cut up, too. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What is this world coming to?"

"But won't you tell us what it is, Aunt Jerushy? We're just dying to know."

"And I'm just dying to tell you, I'm sure, but can't you see that I haven't a mite of breath left to tell it with? Oh, dear! Oh, dear! It does seem as if my heart would stop beating. And after she had run away time and again, too—oh, dear!"

"It's the colonel—he's taken her back again," said one member of the family to the other; "shameful, isn't it?"

"And she kicked," continued Aunt Jerushy, closing her eyes; "oh, how she did kick!"

"I don't see what she had to kick about," said one of the girls sharply; "I should think he'd be the one to kick. The idea!"

"And she ran away four different times to my certain knowledge—once with Alf Marsh once with Lem Slack—"

"She never did! I think it's real mean of you to say that, Aunt Jerushy," said the pride of the family, putting her apron to her eyes, "and I'll tell Lem as soon as he comes, see if I don't!"

"Law, child, that ain't nothin'. It didn't hurt Lem any."

"It didn't? I'd like to know if it didn't. Do you s'pose I'm going to marry him now?"

"Law sakes, what on earth has that to do with you marry Lem? The colonel's got her now, and is going to keep her, but I must say I was surprised, and she such a kicker to say nothing of her running away."

"I never heard of her running away but once, and I didn't know as Lem has ever seen her. I never heard a word against her, but that she didn't like the colonel's ways, and wouldn't live with him."

"Merciful sakes, she couldn't choose who she could live with—just as if she were a human being," gasped Aunt Jerushy; "what are you talking about?"

"The colonel's wife," chimed in the family. "I'm talking about that old yellow mare that I bought of him, and nearly everybody in town has owned, and now he's taken her back, cause she's old and ugly, and is going to have her a good home for the rest of her life, and I'm clean beat trying to make out why he did it." And Aunt Jerushy fanned herself with redoubled vigor. —Detroit Free Press.

Those Open-Air Corsets

The summer girl is out with a new wrinkle. It discounts the suspender by about one hundred per cent, although the shoulder straps are pressed into service in conjunction with it. The new idea is nothing more nor less than a pair of corsets worn outside the blouse.

A reporter encountered the new wrinkle yesterday on a bridge train and sustained quite a severe shock. A pretty little girl entered the car, carrying a violin case. She was dressed in cool summer attire, consisting of a plain skirt and a blazer of the same material.

Between the open edges of the blazer front a bit of the same material could be seen, which looked very much like a wide belt. The observer would never have known whether it was belt or what it was had not the fair wearer been heated and removed her blazer, throwing it over her arm in true man fashion.

Then it was seen that the girl had on a pair of corsets outside of her blouse. They were made of the same material as the rest of the costume, of regulation height, and were separated in front, being laced together with a

Caution.



School-teacher—I hear you have sickness at home. What's the matter?
Jennie—Mom's got twins; but it ain't ketchin'.—Judge.

ated in front, being laced together with a silken cord.

The removal of the blazer created a sensation in the car. A couple of young men snickered; an elderly gentleman, who wore flying whiskers and looked like a Jerseyman, glanced at the girl over his spectacles, and then, turning very red, fixed his eyes on the floor.

A matronly old lady started to speak to the summer girl, but was restrained by her daughter, who said:

"Oh, no, ma; there's no mistake. She wears them that way purposely."

"Law sakes!" commented the old lady, and looked both puzzled and disgusted.

The strangeness of the costume was increased by having a pair of blue silk suspenders, buckles and all, fastened to the top of the corsets, both front and back. It was a question whether the suspenders sustained the corsets or vice versa.

His Credit Was Ruined.

The manager of the collection department rushed into the office and asked excitedly:

"Have we an account against Dunfer?"

"Yes," replied the head bookkeeper, looking up. "He owes us something like five hundred dollars."

"Give me the bill," exclaimed the manager. "What's the matter? Has he busted?"

"No, no! Don't stop to ask questions! There's no time to lose."

He danced nervously about the office while the bill was being made out; then grabbed it and rushed out.

When he returned he was perspiring freely, but seemed to feel easier.

"I've given it to a lawyer," he said, "and he'll sue at once."

"Do you think he's going to skip?" asked the head bookkeeper.

"I don't know what he's going to do," replied the manager, "but I'm taking no chances. I heard him referred to in a political speech today. The speaker spoke of him as a man of sterling integrity and honest impulses."

"Yes?"

"He said he had always paid dollar for dollar, and owed no man even for a vote."

"Well?"

"Then he went on to say that George Washington wasn't in it with him in upright business methods; that he was the North Star in the firmament of an honorable business world; that he was a friend of the unfortunate—a man who never took advantage of another in his life, and who had not a penny of ill-gotten wealth."

"What of it?"

"What of it!" exclaimed the manager scornfully. "When it's necessary to dilate on a man's honesty in a political speech there's something wrong with his record or there's going to be mighty soon."

Aphorisms.

If poverty is the mother of crimes, want of sense is the father.—*La Bruyere.*

The only worthy end of all learning, of all science, of all life, in fact, is that human beings should love one another better. Culture, merely for culture's sake, can never be anything but a sapless root, capable of producing at best a shriveled branch.—*John Walter Cross.*

Danger for danger's sake is senseless.—*Leigh Hunt.*

Diligence is the mother of good fortune.—*Cervantes.*

The sense of duty is the fountain of human rights. In other words, the same inward principle that teaches the former bears witness to the latter. Duties and rights must stand and fall together.—*Channing.*

They are as sick, that suffer with too much, as they that starve with nothing.—*Shakespeare.*

Next in importance to freedom and justice is popular education, without which neither freedom nor justice can be permanently maintained.—*Garfield.*

Charity is a virtue of the heart and not of the hands.—*Addison.*

In No Hurry.

The boy was sitting lazily in the stern of a boat dangling his feet in the water, when a man from the dock called sharply to him:

"What are you doing there?" he said.

"Nothin'," responded the boy.

"Do you get any pay for it?"

"None," and he drew one foot out of the water ready to run if need were.

"Why don't you go to work?"

"Will you give me a job?"

"Yes."

"S'eady?"

"Pay anything?"

"Well, no," hesitated the man, "not the first week."

A Fullness Rather.



He—I certainly feels a fullness.
She—What's yo' been eatin'!
He—Only three watermelons.

AYER'S PILLS

Unlike other aperients, strengthen the excretory organs and restore their natural and regular action. For the cure of constipation, biliousness, sick headache, nausea, indigestion, and all irregularities of the stomach, liver, and bowels, Ayer's Pills are unsurpassed. They are recommended by prominent medical men, as the safest and most efficient cathartic for family and general use, and are everywhere ranked

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"I have used Ayer's Pills in my family for several years, and have always found them most effective in the relief of ailments arising from a disordered stomach, torpid liver, and constipated bowels."—Charles J. Booth, Olivewood, Pasadena P. O., Cal.

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"I consider Ayer's Pills superior to any other."—Dr. George P. Spencer, Unity, N. H.

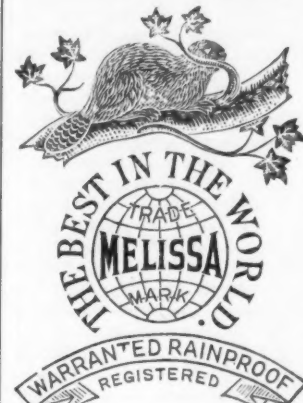
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No!

Frank (tenderly).—What would you say if I asked you to marry me?

May (coldly).—Just as little as possible.

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Authorized Canadian edition, Stevenson's new romance, The Wrecker, by Robert Louis Stevenson. Mr. Stevenson's thrilling romance of the South Seas has been universally pronounced the most absorbing piece of fiction of the year, while appearing in *Scribner's Magazine*. It is a story of daring adventure, of lost treasure, of shipwreck, of rescue and mutiny, worthy to rank with *Kidnapped* and *Treasure Island*. Toronto: The National Publishing Company.

Mars.

Telescope Fakir—Step right up, ladies and gents, and view the planet Mars. Five cents, mum.

Old Lady—Oh, laws! hain't it round and slimy!

Telescope Fakir—Will the bald-headed gent please step away from in front of the instrument?

Rhymes For

Poet (in a hurry).—I can't seem to think straight to day! Give me a rhyme for blank, will you, Professor?

Prof. Aue—Ham, Ram, Sam.

Consumption

is oftentimes absolutely cured in its earliest stages by the use of that wonderful

Food Medicine,

Scott's Emulsion

which is now in high repute the world over.

"CAUTION."—Beware of substitutes. Genuine prepared by Scott & Bowne, Belleville. Sold by all druggists. 50c and \$1.00.

The Convenience of Fashion

Mr. McFad—By jove, I've burst my suspenders.

Mrs. McFad—Take mine. I will use your sash.

A Better Fit.

Adeline—What would you do if you were in my shoes?

Madge (after a glance at them).—Get a pair about four sizes smaller.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

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A Tasteless and Soluble Coating,

completely disguising the taste of the Pill without in any way impairing its efficacy.

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND R. SHEPPARD - Editor.

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The Drama.



LAST winter Manager Sheppard of the Grand traveled to New York to hear a play of which his correspondents spoke flatteringly. He heard it on two successive nights, and after a great deal of worry and at much expense succeeded in getting it booked for his house here. That play was Friends, which is now running at the Grand. It is undoubtedly one of the successes of the season, and nothing better in the line has been produced here for a long time. The drama was written by E. M. Royle, who plays the part of John Paden, Jr., and he has very cleverly put together an attractive plot, with bright, crisp dialogue. Not only is the play good, but it is put on by an exceptionally strong group of actors. Selma Fettes, who takes the role of Marguerite Otto, is a gifted woman, of fine presence, and her part could never be improved in other hands. Joseph Wheelock and Theodore Hamilton are men of the very first class, while Lucius Henderson and E. M. Royle are decidedly above the average of those who play such parts as theirs. The curtain rises upon a meagerly furnished room, occupied by John, Jr., and Adrian Karje, who are the Friends. The last named of the two is presented in a state of anxiety over the absence of the former, who is wearing the firm's clothes, they having but one decent suit between them. When one is out, the other is forced to go to bed or sit in the room, robed in a disheveled dressing-gown. The dialogue between the two is particularly bright all through. They both love the same woman, Miss Otto, and Paden resolves to conceal his affection for the sake of his friend. This is not a new idea for stage presentation, but the originality comes in the way it is worked out. Hans Otto, of course, is in the power of Harold Hunting, a wealthy theater manager, and the latter knows that Miss Otto is not Hans' daughter, but in reality the daughter of a German Count, who died long ago leaving a large property. He must marry the girl to get the money, and in the usual idiotic method of villains, proceeds to grind the father into forcing the daughter's affections. Hunting plies the weak father with liquor and opium and precipitates his death. While confined in Hunting's house Otto indulges in an outburst of fury and, picking up a knife, threatens to escape even at the price of murder. No finer bit of tragic acting has been seen here for some time than Wheelock gave just at this point. He portrayed the agony of an opium fiend without exaggerating it into repulsiveness. In preventing Hans from being recovered by the friends, Hunting shoots at Karje, blinding him, and in the closing scene Paden, Jr., brings about a reconciliation between his friend and Marguerite, who had been candered by the unjust jealousy of Karje—jealousy carefully aroused by the machinations of Hunting, who compromised the girl in her lover's eyes. Old man Paden is sublimely funny in the last act, where he pardons his son for the unnatural crime of supporting himself without paternal assistance. In pardoning his son for the further atrocity of writing poetry he showed, to my notion, the very depths of a dotting father's love. Friends had a good average house Monday evening, but it will be a strange thing if the Grand is not crowded to the doors in the performances towards the end of the week. There will be no encouragement for local managers to bring new plays here if Friends is allowed to depart with its merits unrecognized and Manager Sheppard a loser.

Dr. W. F. Carver's play, The Scout, will suit a big class of the community, and is consequently drawing good houses at the Academy. It contains one piece of realism that easily discounts anything I have yet seen. I refer to the place where the scout's horse goes through the bridge and falls fifteen feet into the river. The river is a deep tank with a slanting edge, and when the horse drops he disappears beneath the surface, comes up with his ears back and his neck craned forward and swims out. It is something decidedly new. The tableaux are very striking and spirited, but the one thing that suited me most about The Scout is this, that while about fifty people were armed continually with knives, revolvers and rifles, there is no butchery business. There are more exhorting groans and reeking daggers in the ordinary society play than there are in this representation of the wild and woolly West. The actors are merciful to one another and to the audience. The stage appearance of Miss Lena Sallinger was such that I should not be surprised if some foolish young girls should be so impressed as to steal a horse from a bread wagon and start for the West, where women dress so jauntily and are in such eager demand. Carver himself is a fine-looking fellow and a capital shot, as everybody knows, but I do not consider him a little bit of an actor. He is far too self-conscious. He appears on the stage in a deprecating way, as though he were half ashamed of himself and afraid someone in the audience would recognise him. But perhaps the crowd regard him as a real plainsman who cannot act and prefer him to a good actor who never saw the plains. Perhaps Carver shows

true art in exhibiting none. How is that for a paradox? One thing that struck me Tuesday night was that the Western air seemed to have played havoc with the voices of some of the ranchmen, Finnigan and Dunderhelm; and another thing which made a great impression upon me was the altogether singular and comic-opera antics whereby an imperiled band of settlers moved into the cabin to dinner. They used polka, waltz and pivot movements, step dances and stumbles—they got there, it is true, but in funny and unexpected methods. It was a revelation to me and should convince one that he is never too old to learn new things about distant peoples. Seriously, though, with this one exception, there was nothing of the incongruous introduced for effect. The scenes were all out West, and everything was legitimately Western. F. D. Summerfield, as Cherokee Jake, possesses more of the instincts of the actor than anyone in the company. There is something attractive about these wild West shows, and in these days when we see Indians riding around in electric cars going to museums and theaters to be stared at, we can profitably reflect upon the great changes that have taken place since the day, four centuries ago, when the New World was discovered. The redskin in now nearly as much of a wonder to us as were our paleface ancestors to the red men of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

Richard Golden's delineation of the character of an old Bucksport temperance hotel-keeper is a bit of fine work which no one who admires a good thing should allow to pass unseen. Jed Prouty keeps the village hotel—not a drinking resort, but a place where meals and a night's lodging may be had. Liquor is not mentioned, save when Jed speaks regretfully of one who has gone to the bad in the way of taking to drink. The landlord is a simple souled man, whose ambitions are no larger than his environments, and in the quiet hum-drum of his native village his life has been a fairly happy and an eminently just one. With ready hand he pays the fine imposed upon the mischievous orphan who rang a false alarm of fire, and with a little sneaking vanity he tried his eloquence upon the magistrate, shaping his discourse after the style of the village preacher and the orators in the local debating school. The scene in the magistrate's room is so true that it must recall to many who witness it somewhat similar scenes, for there is the magistrate, conscious of his importance but not showing it too much; there is the village constable and town crier, conscious of his importance and showing it with all his might; and there are the witnesses and loungers trying their best to feel overcome by the majesty of the law but unable to subdue their familiarity with Zack Wilcox and Squire Todd. Every minute or two the awful decorum which Zack seeks to maintain in the place is violated by everybody talking at once and rashly chinning the magistrate. It is very amusing where Jed and Zack have an argument and the latter tries to silence the former as though it were high treason or malfeasance or some other big-named and atrocious crime for a private citizen to contradict a man who is town crier and constable both in one and duly sworn. The same big four, with Golden in the lead, who were here last year, are here again. Jacobs & Sparrow's have had good attractions so far this season, but nothing of so much quiet merit as Jed Prouty. It wears extremely well.

My Jack, which will appear at Jacobs & Sparrow's next week, is a scenic melodrama that cannot very well be surpassed. It has twelve different stage settings, painted by the late Matt Morgan, and among the scenes introduced is the little fishing village of Falmouth on the Cornish coast, during a thunderstorm; the deck of a British man-of-war ready for action; a moonlight view of a British camp in Africa, then a desolate scene upon the arid, scorched and blistered desert, only relieved by the figures of two men, parched and hungry and about to die on the sands. The latter calls for the most intense acting



on the part of the two best men in the company, P. A. Anderson taking the role of the Greek and Frank R. Mills that of the hero, Jack. This melodrama has been seen here before but not under such favorable auspices as next week. The management of Jacobs & Sparrow's specially endorse My Jack as one of their strongest attractions of the season.

The inimitable Roland Reed will be at the Grand for Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week in Lend Me Your Wife and probably will also present a new play which he has been rehearsing during the summer. No man can draw better houses than he. The following week Lewis Morrison will come along in Faust.

One thing that I have marveled over dozens of times is why the villain should almost invariably be a magnificent specimen of a man weighing far above two hundred pounds, while the hero, who struts up and threatens to break every bone in his miserable CAR case, generally weighs from one hundred and fifty downwards. Some day one of these burly villains will be pinching the head off one of these heroes.

Last season there was a play here—I just now forget what name it wore—and on the programme appeared this notice: "The public will please bear in mind that three years elapse between each act." Now that is too long to expect people to sit quietly in their seats. At the different theaters this week the periods between acts have not been quite so long, but they have been a little too long at all three houses. Where people have nothing to do but sit and stare at the drop curtain the waits should be very brief.

The Gypsy Wagon—No. 4.

Telling how they traded a Blind Horse of high degree for a Kicker—Felix resumes male attire.

BY MACK.

THE balance of the Sabbath was spent quietly save for occasional groups of young farmers coming along and chatting with our friends the gypsies, and awesomely eying the mysterious wagon. After an uneventful night they were up early and ready for the road, and as full of fun as four young kittens. Old Telfer had never become reconciled to the female disguise worn by Felix, and thought the moment a good one for offering a friendly suggestion that he should resume male habit. At last Felix consented to leave it to a vote, whereupon Casey and Simpson supported Telfer and the offending dress, shawl and wig were rolled up and stuffed into one of the boxes. Felix said he yielded easily, because all night he had been dreaming of an enormous, mis-shapen and demoniacal goose pursuing him with wild cries and he couldn't run on account of his dress getting tangled around his feet. He interpreted this as a warning, he laughingly explained.

Ah, if he could at that instant have penetrated the veil of the future would not that laugh have frozen on his lips and hung in icicles of mirth from his blanched face and trembling chin? But I anticipate, as May Agnes Fleming would say.

"Look here, fellow," exclaimed Casey, when they had traveled down the Kingston road a couple of miles, "if we're going to trade horses and barter tinware for eggs we had better start and get our hands in. Here comes a old codger with a horse that should trade about even with Staggers, back there. Tell Sampy to pick his ears up and make Staggers look stylish."

The old codger had a horse which ran largely to joints—one of those white wrecks of horses that seem to have never been colts and which never did, so far as we know.

"Want to trade, mister?" called Casey. "I don't think so!"

"We're cram full of sudden deal this morning, old boy."

"Well, I've no use for three horses and that's the fact, gents."

"Come off," said Old Telfer. "Now, you don't suppose we want to trade our three steppers for that bouquet of swollen joints? Look at that beast hitched to the sulky—pretty as a picture—examine him, pardner, no tricks. He's got a pedigree, too, that you could easily mortgage—he was sired by Collage, he by Calamity, he by Casualty, he by Calthumplan, he by Caution, he by Badwind, he by One eye, he by Heave and he by Squidzik's imported Hambletonian."

Sampson's eyes were like saucers as Telfer sang off this imposing pedigree; Casey lifted his pipe very demurely, and Felix pinched Telfer and whispered him to "go at him again, old boy."

"He's got good blood on the mother's side, too," added Telfer. "His dam was Sunlight, she by Window, he by Lookout, he by Seelt, he by Getit, he by Starvit, he by Bollit, he by Soapit, he by Mottled, he by Imported Sir Suda—two strains, you see, that can't be beat."

"How much to boot?"

"You've got the pedigree to boot—we're throwing that in," said Felix. "If it ain't enough we'll wind Telfer up again. Take another whirl, old man."

Sampson suggested that they throw in a dipper and a couple of milk pans, and the tinware was forthwith produced and inspected.

"You've got a cullender there. Throw that in, too, to carry the pedigree, and you kin unhitch." The old codger never left his ramshackle buggy while Casey and Telfer changed the animals. Sampson thought it wasn't square not to mention the fact that Staggers was stone blind, but when his new roads'er began to fall behind the wagon a long distance and an amount of switching could force it off a walk, his conscience became easier and he wondered if a still, small voice troubled the old codger.

At last, going down a hill, he got mad and straddling the horse and standing on the shafts he belabored it about the ears with the butt end of the whip and, glory! it trotted. This success caused him to loudly yell to the others for applause, and as they looked he cracked the beast's ears with the whip once more. Then a truly marvelous sight was witnessed by the occupants of the wagon. The old gray stopped, then it kicked real hard, smashing the dashboard off the sulky, and Sampson flew violently over its head, rolling into a shallow pool of green water by the roadside. The animal, relieved of a weight on its back, kicked higher next time and spreading out got one foot outside of each shaft and fell on its head.

Sampson was soaking wet, speechless but unhurt. One shaft was broken, but Casey soon wound it about with a cord and suggested that Telfer drive the sulky, as Sampson was his first choice of all men in America for the important post of sitting in the wagon and giving him (Casey, who was driving) prompt warning should one of the hind wheels come off. That delicate duty required a man with wet gravel in his hair, a few handfuls of water in his pockets and a University education, according to Casey's notion. He would no more think of trusting it to a man who hadn't wet gravel in his hair and who wasn't a B.A., than of leaving it to the dog Saturday. Sampson asked Casey to give him a rest, but the latter insisted upon him commencing his new job at once, and on second thought added that a man to do it well ought to fill his belt with revolvers and knives, and have his rifle ready so that he could shoot out and light on his feet if the wagon upset.

All of which was very mean of Casey and intended to be sarcastic and bitingly funny. It was a way he had.

Felix shouldered a lot of tinware and peddled it in and out of several farmhouses. At one place near Dunbarton he traded a milk-pail to a woman for the amount of milk which it would hold, and called the gang to drink the

milk, which they were not long in doing. The swelled-out feeling which the big drink occasioned prompted Sampson to remark that it was great fun getting kicked out of a sulky, and he would be willing to gyp it for the balance of his days.

Alas! he little knew the terrible termination which would overtake their outing on the morrow and make the word "gypsy" repulsive to him for ever-r-r-r!

But I must, these forebodings.

They camped Monday evening on the bank of Duffin's Creek, on the flats near Pickering, having only traveled a short distance because of the amount of trading done during the day. Old Telfer had exchanged one of Sampson's revolvers for a plump little spring pig, which was carefully boarded up in a box. The other gleanings of the day were a couple of hens, three dozen eggs, an armful of green corn for roasting on the coals and some potatoes for similar use.

Late at night, after having lounged in heavy villain style around the bar-rooms of the village hotels, they rolled their quilts around them and slept. Napoleon's army slept the night before Waterloo and condemned murderers have done the same the night before mounting the gallows, though, to be sure, some of them have dreamed of long-necked galleys and elastic-necked circus men as if the mind were solicitous about the fashion in neck-wear proposed for the morrow.

Casey slept with his feet gently crossed on Sampson's bosom; Felix slept with his crossed on the capacious front of Old Telfer, and if they dreamt their dreams are unknown to their faithful historian.

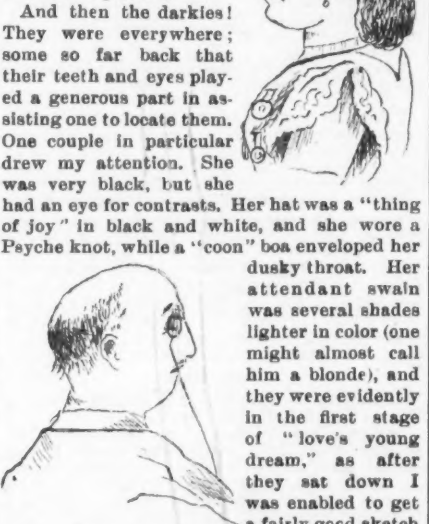
(To be Continued.)

Crotchets and Quavers.

I wonder if there were many of the large audience who greeted

the Black Patti on Wednesday evening, who enjoyed it as intensely as I did? I don't exactly know with what sort of expectations I went, but I came away more than delighted with the lovely voice and good-natured face of Patti. Being Farmer's Day, the rustic element was largely represented. The young man with no less than two whole girls to himself was there, passing brilliantly colored, but decidedly dangerous-looking sweets back and forth, which the girls took and chewed with evident enjoyment and reckless disregard of the after consequences.

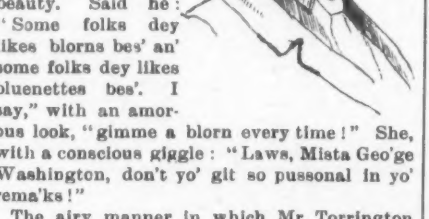
And then the darkies! They were everywhere; some so far back that their teeth and eyes played a generous part in assisting one to locate them. One couple in particular drew my attention. She was very black, but she had an eye for contrasts. Her hat was a "thing of joy" in black and white, and she wore a Psyche knot, while a "coon" bow enveloped her dusky throat. Her attendant swain was several shades lighter in color (one might almost call him a blonde), and they were evidently in the first stage of "love's young dream," as after they sat down I was enabled to get a fairly good sketch



of them, so great was their abstraction. Speaking of blonde and brunette darkies, I heard an awfully good story the other day. It is probably old, but is so ridiculous that I cannot resist repeating it: Someone's colored coachman was taking some one's colored cook to a ball. While waiting for the carriage to call, they discussed different types of beauty. Said he: "Some folks dey likes blonses bes' an' some folks dey likes blunettes bes'."

I say, with an amorous look, "gimme a blorn every time!" She, with a conscious giggle: "Laws, Mista Geo! Washington, don't yo' git so possonal in yo' remarks!"

The airy manner in which Mr. Torrington wielded his baton elicited a good deal of admiration from the rustics around and about me. One woman said: "My! Ain't he got the white hand?" The Patti herself looked like a tropical bird or queen of some tribe in her gorgeous gown of red and yellow, with



her numerous medals and bracelets. The look of barbaric splendor about her quite fascinated me. But her singing! Where among us do you get the "heart" quality, that plaintive quality of tone that is characteristic of her race in their singing? Her Home Sweet Home was a sermon, and many went away on Wednesday evening feeling better after hearing it, I am sure.

Now, I don't wish to take away from Mr. Torrington's evident feeling of satisfaction and pride in his orchestra, but I did hear a woman say, coming out of the Auditorium, "I think that orchestra most too large for the hall, an' they didn't ought to play so loud!" Another couple liked the concert well enough, but both preferred "oratory" music, and as an instrument the "coronet" was far superior to the "saxophone," while most of the darkies wore an expression of "De Patti kin walk all around de white trash singers!" on their countenances.

ROSALIND.

A Dark Day.

For Saturday Night.

The bright sunshine is gone—the forming rain
Bursts from the clouds and falls to earth again;
In heavy layers the vapors slowly rise
And hide the mountain's base from human eyes.
And high above the craggy peaks are seen,
Without a tinge of sunny brown or green—
But gray, and cold, and chilling, and below—
Dim, misty, undecid'd—the tall trees grow,
And raise their forms as though to shield from hurt
The tender flowers bespashed with mud and dirt.

In yonder neighboring field the horses feed,
To storm and rain but little giving heed;
The juicy blades of grass, alone, they quest,
And wander, thankful, for a day of rest,
Removed from all the care that daily fills
The soul of man—from trouble—frost those hills
He seeks in vain to flee from—the storm's strife,
Discomforts and annoyances of life.
No thought do they unto the morrow give,
And they, their wants supplied, contented live;
Their not the cry, "Where shall I lay my head?"
Where, on the o'ning night, shall be my bed?
No thought disturbs them, they're content to roam
Free from the worry and care of home;
Their not the fate to daily sadness plan
How they may best defraud their fellowman—
Rob him of those things which are his by birth,
And make the life God gave him "hell on earth."

The cattle starve not—driven from soil
By crafty beast more capable of toil;
They claim no more than what supports their life,
Nor seek to take more than they need by strife;
Pleased with enough, no grasping thought intrudes
The spirit of the beast—no evil broods.
And can a God look down with frowning smile
And see the evil wrought by human guile?

No word Heaven's black and bar drops fall,
And pitying angels weep as they view all
The evil stirred by avarice and greed
By mortal, seeking more than he can need
And watching others fall—himself at ease—
Without a soul to lose or God to please.

Written one day in August, 1892. The opening scene is descriptive of the view from the author's bedroom window at the Harrison House, Chilliwack, B. C.

MAX MACKRECHER.

Saturday Night.

For Saturday Night.

The fair fields are bathed in the evening sun,
The woods they are glorious with song,
The farmer returns from his day's work well done
To meet his own welcoming throng.

The week's end has come, the week's work is o'er,
The peace of the Sabbath draws near,
The tools are laid by, the best gear from the drawer
Brushed, as ready for Sabbath day's wear.

The careful housewife, with duster and broom
Has banished the dirt from each part,
And garbished and swept, she has set her best room,
The pride of her house-wifely heart.

In front of the stove, near the prim kitchen's hearth,
Towel, wash tub and sponge are all there,
A naked young rascal is having his bath
While others wait by the chair.

And what sight on earth is there fairer to see,
Robed in gowns so spotless and white,
Than such angel-like forms, pure, innocent, free,
Off to bed—with "Mother, good night!"

The boys and the girls, who to older years grown,
Through the town are wending their way,
In twos and in threes, pramcride up and down,
With joking and mirth end the day.

The great trees in the woods they need their tall eaves,
Where maiden and lover are seen,
As they hear the old tale, re-told 'neath their leaves,
The same tale that ever has been.

And when does the oft smoked old pipe taste so sweet,
Repose feel so honestly won,
As when wife by his side, his dog at his feet,
John smokes, with his week's work all done?

All praise be to Him who has giv'n us the rest,
The Sabbath day's truce from life's fight;
Praise, too, be to Him who has giv'n, with his best,
The pleasures of Saturday night.

W. B.

'Tis Sweet to Love.

For Saturday Night.

'Tis sweet to love, 'e'en though the fond emotion
Finds no response in those we hold so dear;
'E'en though the object of our deep devotion
Repay with scorn the tender pleading ear.
It matters not how vain the aspiration,
Nor yet how void our passion's dreams may prove,
Betrayed, rejected, doomed to desolation,
The spirit still doth find 'tis sweet to love.

'Tis sweet to love though every hope has perished
That love engendered in the feeling soul,
Though all delight and consolation cherished
Hath drooped and withered, 'neath its strange control.
The votive heart, its fatal way divining,
Conceives no power that might the spell remove,
And when at last it breaks, all unrepining,
In grieving accents breathes, " 'Tis sweet to love."

A. A. S.

The Organ.

For Saturday Night.

The waves of music falter to and fro,
A soft commingling of created sounds;
The gentle touches and the echoes low,
In rapturous trembling steal along the aisle.
The Master weaves a song of love and home,
The joyous music ebbs and flows away,
The inward stirring of a Genius' breath,
The evening air seems filled with soothing notes,
The scented breeze in rapture moves along;
From out the night the liquid cadence floats,
Then softly dies away in sad farewells.

B. KELLY.

Goldenrod.

For Saturday Night.

Lone on the naked shore where wild winds whistling wake
The sounding caves where ocean's voices sleep,
When freed from duty on the angry deep;
Where ceaselessly and sad the crossed billows break,
Undaunted rears the stately goldenrod.

The lily and the violet would pale and shrink
To blossom 'mid the sterile dreariness,
But lured by the tempest's voice and mad career
On lonely leas or precipice's brink
Undaunted ways the stately goldenrod.

A. L. McNAR.

Dr. Susan Janeway Coltman of Germantown, Pennsylvania, owns a unique collection of cats, which she values at five thousand dollars. There are twenty-two of her pets, and among them are included Skye, Zanibar and feather-tailed Turkish cats, tallies Manx pussies white Maltese, yellow Persian and English tiger-cats. All are remarkable either for beauty or pedigree. Since she inherited her father's fortune in 1883, Dr. Coltman has not practiced medicine.

Between You and Me.

WISH, says one of my correspondents, "that you would write an article on punctuality," and she gives me a very harrowing account of a disastrous afternoon she spent lately, all the discomfort of which she blamed to the enforced loss of fifteen minutes in waiting for a tardy friend. "I was so worried that a severe nervous headache set in and effectually settled my pleasure," she says in conclusion. Now, an article on punctuality should only be written by one of those blessed folk whose time is at their own disposal, for no other mortal can live up to the ideal of punctuality. There is a man in this town who has for years been punctual, and the effort has affected his whole bearing and manners and even his expression. He gives you the impression of being always in a hurry to be there; when he walks he takes the longest steps on record; when he stops to chat with you on the way he stands a little in advance, with one foot ready to start off, in a manner most exasperating to leisurely folk. His whole facial expression is repressed anxiety to be moving even his voice is sharp, brisk, eager, and much as I admire and like him I always feel uncomfortable at detaining him for a brief exchange of hostilities, but then he is beautifully punctual!

The idea, anyway, of coming home from the land of procrastination and unpunctuality, and finding this request awaiting me, was such a trying one that I hid the letter away until this morning. Of course, one should be punctual! Start off on the first day of the week and try for a record! Be early at church; the very comfortable feeling that you've got your own pet seat, and have earned it, is good, (of course I am taking it for granted that you attend an advanced sanctuary where a place is ready for everyone, and no charge made). The approval of a smirking and pharisaical conscience will carry you through happily till Monday night, I think, and you'll be on time for one day—that is, if you are not a journalist who has to wait for interviews, listen at the telephone, chat to callers while you know the foreman is waiting for copy, and so on. In that case you'll be late, "just like me!" One little confession from my correspondent gives me a chance to lecture her. It is the word about her being so worried! Dear lady, don't do it again. When you are ready, and the other one cometh not, sit down and read, take your pen and write one of those notes you owe, take even your stockings and darn them, but don't worry. You are at the mercy of the other one; don't give her a chance to torture you. Instead of letting her find you, at the end of fifteen minutes of suppressed worry and excitement, with that tension of the lips and hardness of the nostrils that betrays your nervous *boulevardement*, and makes her profuse excuses and apologies almost too much for you, greet her calmly, and take a moment to let her perceive your calmness before you tell her that she is just fifteen minutes behind time. She will feel worse than you do, take my word for it.

There have been articles in a popular American paper for women lately, that have seemed to rile me. I can scarcely tell why. Their very title ruffles me. It is: *Unknown Wives of Well Known Men*, and its slight details of the personalities of those unknown and overshadowed women are quite a commentary on the woman question. It shows that there are women who want no public applause, no rights, no fame, though to hear men talk nowadays one would fancy that species of woman was extinct. The women who belong to this group of *inconnues* are certainly overshadowed in some cases by their husbands. The names range from Mrs. Edison to Mrs. Oscar Wilde, and include Mrs. Gladstone (who I hope is duly made aware of the fact that she is "unknown") Madame Dumas, Lady Macdonald, Mrs. Max O'Rell and several others who, on this continent and in Europe, are personally almost as well known as their statesman or author husbands. As to the well known men, who in America have ever seen Lord Tennyson, Prince Bismarck, Sardou, Dumas, and who knows them, anyway? Well known "authors" may be the Laureate, and the witty French novelist and the fascinating but rather feather-headed Oscar, but as to their personal traits, tastes, even appearance, lots of us would pass them and never know it! And I should like to hear Frau Bismarck's opinion as to whether she is one of the unknown of the earth! *Nien!* As to our own bright and gracious Baroness of Carnarville, we know her almost as well as we did the clever statesman, her husband, who swayed the heart of Canada for so many years. By the way, in that same journal for next month, Isabel Mallon gives a sketch of that clever little Irishwoman, Margaret Hungerford, whose "Duchesse" stories delight the hearts of so many of our novel reading fair. I read it with great interest and shall clip you one little paragraph that you may know of the local habitation of the facile and charming authoress. About her personally: She married when very young, and her husband died in less than six years, leaving her with three tiny girls to care for. In 1883 she married Mr. Henry Hungerford of Cahmore, and she is the mother of six small people, one of whom is the most delightful baby of a year, rejoicing in the name of Tom. Her hair is of a light-brown shade, knotted loosely on top of her head, and breaking away into most fascinating little curls all over her forehead. From under this frame look out two large dark-brown eyes, with thick curly lashes, eyes that are bright and sparkling with delight, as if the world were full of sweet things. The mouth is small, but determined, and the whole expression of the face is that of a woman of wit, good temper and sweetness. Her home is at St. Brenda's, Bandon, County Cork, and a visitor there is given, by the pretty hostess, that hearty Irish welcome that is so delightful. All about the house itself are flowers and shrubbery, a great many rose trees, beech trees all over the lawn, which slopes from the house down to a river that runs at the foot of a deep valley. There is a most wonderful kitchen garden, where fruit trees are many, the apple and pear trees laden with

blossoms, a quarter of an acre of strawberry beds, while the raspberry and the currant bushes vie in number. All the country through there are beautiful drives, and Mrs. Hungerford is specially fond of driving. I think that is rather a different picture to the usual idea of an authoress, don't you? LADY GAY.

Individualities.

The Marchioness of Granby has painted a fine picture of Paderewski.

Collecting old china is Miss Braddon's hobby, and in her house at Richmond, near London, she has a series of well stocked china cabinets.

Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer has accepted the offer of President Harper, of the Chicago University, to act as Dean of the Women's Department.

The Dowager Marchioness of Huntly is an accomplished botanist, and has a large collection of plants, nearly all of her own gathering. These she has herself classified and named.

George William Curtis lost his fortune and incurred a large debt in trying to establish *Putnam's Magazine*, and spent the best years of his life in paying off the debt, which he discharged to the last dollar.

Ouida is said to be so proud of her small and beautifully shaped hands and feet that in summer and winter, out of doors and in the house, she wears sleeves that fall just below the elbow and thin, low-cut slippers.

Mr. Henry Mosler, the widely known American painter, who is among the chosen few of his compatriots admitted to the distinction of a Knight of the Legion of Honor, has left Paris with his family, for a tour in Italy.

Hall Caine, the popular novelist, was an unsuccessful writer of verse and criticism for years before he wrote his first novel. This won immediate recognition, and since then no story or book of his has been rejected by a publisher.

Mr. John Stetson, a well known and enterprising Boston manager, announces that he has engaged Mr. Kyle Bellow for his next season. He has also made overtures to Mrs. Brown Potter, who is considering the matter.

One of the finest herds of Guernsey cattle on Long Island is owned by Mrs. Phebe Taber Willets of Roslyn. They were bred under her own care, and she gives much attention to the breeding and rearing of cows and of trotting horses.

John Howells, the son of William D. Howells, has been admitted to the Ecole des Beaux-Arts at Paris on his first examination and without any conditions. He is the only American who passed in that way at this year's examination.

Contrary to the reports in circulation, Lieut. Ward's mission to Russia has been a success, and the Russian Government has extended every courtesy and facility to the United States naval attaché for obtaining all legitimate information.

John Ruskin is now seventy-three years old. His literary career began when he was seven, and his first production was a poem in blank verse on Time. The following year he addressed an invocation to the sun, begging him to shine on his garden plot.

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, when at Homburg, had the honor of dining with the Prince of Wales, who asked a select few to meet the famous American orator and statesman. Mr. Depew has sailed for home in response to a cable call conveying important news.

Mr. Murat Halstead is cabling from New York political news daily to the Paris edition of the *New York Herald*. Mr. Halstead is of the opinion that the Republicans are developing an excess of confidence. He thinks they may win without New York, but they must not waste any chance of securing it.

Marie Corelli, the authoress, writes to a friend in New York, saying: "I shall be very glad if you will contradict the erroneous reports that circulate in the American press about me. All I want said is that I am not the daughter, but the adopted daughter, of Charles Mackay, and that my legal name is Marie Corelli."

It has been decided by the French Minister of Public Instruction in France to preserve as a museum Jeanne d'Arc's home in Domremi, and to illustrate it in her history. It will contain models of the statues erected to her memory, copies of paintings showing scenes in her life, and sketches of the pictures of her in the Pantheon.

M. Max O'Rell has been explaining to the Australians the secret of the American enthusiasm for Irish Home Rule. He says that the Yankees favor it because they think it possible that if Ireland became independent all the Irish-Americans would return at once to the "old country." There is a suggestion of wit in the theory, and, possibly, a grain of truth.

Miss Cynthia M. Westover of New York, formerly private secretary of Mr. Beattie in the Street Cleaning Department, and who invented some years ago a cart for carrying dirt out of mines and tunnels, has recently received the title of *Membre d'Honneur* from the Parisian Society of Inventors, who evidently labored under the impression that C. M. Westover is a man. The question now arises: Will the title be recalled when the dignified and conservative body of Frenchmen discover their mistake?

The Prince Maffeo Sciarra has had suit brought against him for selling his valuable private gallery outside of Italy. It has just become known that he smuggled the pictures across the frontier among the scenery and stage furnishings of the Teatro Quirino, of which he was one of the stockholders. The theater is back of his palace, and he had the assistance of the manager in his enterprise. It is doubtful if the pictures will ever be returned to Italy, but, at least, the prince will probably have to pay a heavy fine.

Mrs. Dunlap-Hopkins has been a leading spirit in the work involved in founding the recently organized school of applied design for women in New York. It is to have for instructors practical men and women actually engaged in manufacturing or architectural offices. The Rev. J. W. Brown of St. Thomas' church, Mr. George L. Ingraham, and Mr. J. Carroll Beck with are among the well known men connected with it. Manufacturers will offer prizes for designs by students, and the latter will be aided in bringing their work to the notice of manufacturers.

Art and Artists.



OMING home from the four corners of the earth—that is putting it rather big—the Toronto artists are stepping upon the treadmill of their winter's duties. Already many of them have resumed their

classes and are instructing private pupils. I called upon J. W. L. Forster on Monday, and find that he is one of these, and has been giving some of his time to pupils since September 1. He is just finishing a three-quarter length portrait of Ex-Mayor Clarke, in a speaking attitude, with his right arm crossing his breast in an emphatic gesture and his left holding a scroll, upon which is seen the corporate seal of Toronto. It is a good picture and in a couple of weeks will be hung in the City Hall. Mr. Forster recently painted a picture of Rev. Dr. Kellogg, which on Tuesday evening last was hung in the manager's room of St. James' square Presbyterian church as a present from the managers to the congregation. The portrait was pronounced to be a capital one by those who saw it, among whom I was not, and will serve to recall memories of a popular pastor to a people from whom he has been parted owing to a call to a higher duty. Dr. Kellogg has gone to India to assist in the work of translating the Bible into the Hindoo tongue.

Miss Peel, sister to Paul Peel, is executing several excellent orders in sculpture in Ottawa and Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Martin have returned from the Gulf of St. Lawrence. R. F. Gagen has also reached home from the same trip.

F. M. Bell-Smith has settled down in Toronto after a year spent in study and travel in Europe.

C. M. Manly has returned from the Lower Provinces, his portfolio enriched with studies made during the summer.

O. R. Jacobi, president of the Royal Canadian Academy, has been doing some good work this summer, catching some of the beauties of nature to be found within a day's journey of this city.

W. A. Sherwood is another who did not go very far from Toronto during the summer, but put in a siege of work within his studio. However, he made several fine sketches in the neighborhood of Georgetown. When making my rounds I caught him with palette and brush in hand, deeply wrapped up in the finishing of a sketch of Shadow River, Lake Muskoka. When finished it should prove one of his best outdoor pictures. On another easel stood an unfinished painting which will probably be named *Little Gamblers*. Three little street urchins are seen sitting inside a bare room upon an empty packing box, tossing pennies. The conception of the thing is good, and Mr. Sherwood is deeply engrossed in both of these unfinished works. He has been most industrious this year.

Carl Ahrens has taken an occasional run out of town during the summer, but has spent most of his time in a fisherman's romantic cottage on the sand-bar at the east end of the city. He will, I believe, soon bring out some more of his marine work, with which he scored his first successes, and for which he has a comparatively undiluted preference.

R. Mower-Martin has been sketching around Rochester this summer, transferring to canvas the beauties of the southern shores of Lake Ontario.

L. R. O'Brien has returned from the Maine Coast.

M. Mathews and W. Cruickshank have returned from the Rockies full of enthusiasm and with numberless sketches of mountain scenes. Forshaw Day of Kingston, W. Brimmer of Montreal, and Mr. Waite of London, Eng., were also in the Rockies, and I believe for a time the five made up one party.

Homer Watson has been working around Dover, where he resides, and occasionally doing the hospitable to artist friends.

W. Blatchley has left Toronto and taken up his residence in British Columbia, with an idea that Seattle may be his abode finally. VAN.

Newton's Theory Exploded.

Having seen the Fair on Farmer's Day, they went up to the Normal School to see the statues, and of course blushed to the roots of their hair when they beheld Venus, Apollo, Ajax and other celebrities of the good old day, clothed in smiles or frowns as the case may be. Having passed several such of nature's children, Maria Anne and Isiah John found themselves before the grave face of that greatest of philosophers—whose gravity by the way was the secret of his fame.

"Say, Marlar," said Isiah John when his full, fair cheeks had cooled down to the normal temperature, "who's that sulkin' critter with the double yelked egg in his fist?"

"Well, now, Isiah John," said the horrified Marlar, "yo' jest do beat all. Why, that's Newton, the great philosopher, with the apple in his hand."

Isiah John pushed his big hands deep into his pants pockets and stretched his legs apart, then tilting his head on one side took a long, sad look on the expounder of the law of gravity and fetched a deep sigh.

"Marlar," he said at last, "d'ye know I feel kinder sorry fur the critter. He must 'a bin the darndest fool that ever went inter the apple raisin'. Why, ef the dang lout wanted ter know why the apple fell to th' earth, why the Sam Hill didn't he cut it open? Any greenhorn had ought ter know that once a worm gets inter an apple the dang thing's bound to fall before it's ripe. Yes, Marlar, I reely do feel kinder sorry fur the critter. Come," he said as they walked away, "let's take in the other old gent and the two kids gusslin' the snakes."

And they walked over and stood before the Laocoon.

FULLAS A TICK.

The Sunny Side.



She—But I can't cook, and I hate to wash dishes.
He—Then I am decidedly the one you should marry. I can't afford to buy anything to cook, and so we won't need dishes.—*Life*.

Young Mr. Collaran Hatt.

THE clerk in the little general store out at the four corners came into the Fair, and three or four of the young farm hands came in the same day. He wore a fashionable hat and a high collar, and thought the boys should know better than to expect him to travel in the city with them. It was all right for him to chum with them around the corners, but in town it was a different matter. He tried to escape them when getting off the train, but they hugged up to him, and so he up and told them that they had better head for the grounds themselves, as he had to call at some of the wholesalers and order fall goods.

"We'll go with you, won't we, boys?" said John Thomas Smith. Yes, the boys were not in any hurry as they knew of. But Collaran Hatt told them that he might be kept busy inspecting goods most of the day, and one of the wholesalers might want to drive him to the grounds in his private carriage.

When his awed chums had gone, Collaran Hatt walked along Front street in fear and trembling. The trolley cars came banging along, and the tall buildings were frowning at him, and when he had walked past the wholesale house into which he intended going he stopped and walked past again. He hung around for an hour making himself believe that he was waiting for somebody, and constantly consulting his watch, but really he was waiting for his departed courage. Then he hurried back to the corner of York street, thinking that his acquaintances wouldn't know where to go without him and he would get them and take John Thomas in with him—John Thomas never saw a great, big wholesale—and then he would pilot the boys up to the Exhibition. They were awful greenies, those boys; it made him smile to think of them, and they needed someone who was up to date to guide them. But they were not in sight and he gave them up. Back he went and walked about again—then it struck him that his boss had given him a written list of what was wanted. He would address it to the wholesale firm—but where was the post office so that he could mail it? He hunted all over and finally asked a very small boy who was all alone, and the boy told him. When he entered the office and edged up to the money order counter and asked for a one-cent stamp, the clerk looked at him so fiercely and said so gruffly that he didn't sell stamps that Collaran Hatt with beating pilot hurried outside. He could have cried, but in anger put the order in his pocket and resolved to mail it from home that night when he reached there. You couldn't fool him at the Corners—out there no post office dude would talk to him like that fellow did.

On the Fair grounds he was crushed and humble, looking prayerfully for John Thomas and the other boys. He saw them once racing

like mad across the horse ring but couldn't get to them, and he met an old man whom he knew who said that they were in the dog show, but he waited there half an hour and saw them not. At last he went and stood by the picket fence watching what he could see of the cowboys and Indians, when down on him swooped the boys, smoking cigars and fairly dripping with jollity and fun. Up goes his pulse—he is himself again. Business at the wholesale had kept him until three o'clock and he was tired, but if the boys hadn't seen everything he would show them around and see that they caught the train all right—awfully sorry that he had had to leave them, and he would tell the boss that he'd be hanged if he'd try to do business and take in the Fair in one day any more. A fellow had to be careful in buying goods at the wholesale; smart fellows there, but they could have all the start they got out of him, you bet.

As Collaran Hatt spoke, a certain little paper in his pocket, containing a list of articles, got heavier and heavier until it weighed about a ton, and he bought the lemonade all round to change the subject that was engrossing his conscience.

ZEKE.

The Manager Almost Blundered.

The general manager of one of the Canadian railroads in making a tour of the country was driving through an Ontario city, when a magnificent house was pointed out to him as belonging to one of the conductors on the main line. The railroad magnate made an entry in his notebook, and a few days later the conductor, who may be called Conductor Smart, received orders to report at the head office, Montreal. He did so and the general manager asked him a few questions.

"How long have you been a conductor?"

"Fifteen years."

"Do you own that house in —?"

"Yes."

"How much will you take for it?"

"Oh, \$20,000 for grounds and everything."

"I hear you were penniless when you were made a conductor. I am sorry to part with such an old employee, but you are discharged."

Smart was shown out and went off, thinking. In about an hour he returned and insisted upon a moment's interview.

"Well, you're back again. What do you want?"

"Have you any objection to telling me why I am discharged?"

"Well, I consider you could not have made so much money without stealing from the company—there you are, if you want to know."

"So you are going to put another man in my place," said Smart thoughtfully.

"Yes; I'm going to give Dobkins your run."

"Well, look here, you are making a mistake, I think. Don't you see I have got those things—a fine house, horses, and cash ahead—and am living on Easy street, while Dobkins is exactly where I was fifteen years ago. I really think you are making a mistake."

Conductor Smart's case was reconsidered and he punched tickets for many a day, growing fat and bald and honored among men.

BRACKMAN.

Gaining Time.



Mother—You must hurry or I shall leave you. You don't want to be left, do you?
Dolph—I dunno—make believe leave me—an' I'll see.—*Puck*.

The Cabalist, Hans Weinland

By EROKMAN-CHATRIAN.

(Translated for Saturday Night by Laurence Norman.)

Our professor of metaphysics, Hans Weinland, was what the cabalists call an archetype—tall, lank, with leaden complexion, red hair, turned up nose, gray eyes and an ironical lip, over which was a long mustache a la Prussienne.

He used to astonish us all by the evolutions of his logic, by his chains of argument, by mocking bitter touches, as natural to him as the thorns to a blackberry bush.

In spite of all the universal traditions, this original person was usually a large military hat surmounted by a plume, a frocked coat, very wide trousers and hussar's boots ornamented with silver spurs, all of which gave him an appearance quite bellicose.

Well, one fine morning, Hans, who liked me very much, and called me sometimes the son of the blue god, entered my room and said:

"Christian, I come to tell you to look for another teacher of metaphysics. I start in an hour for Paris."

"For Paris! What are you going to do at Paris?"

"Argue, discuss, wrangle—anything at all," said he, shrugging his shoulders.

"Just as well stay here, then."

"No; great things are going to happen. Besides, I have the best of reasons for making myself scarce."

Then he opened the door to see if anyone could hear us, and coming back he whispered to me:

"You must know that this morning I ran a rapier through the heart of Major Krantz."

"You!"

"Yes. Just fancy, this creature had the audacity to maintain against me, before all the company at Gambusius' inn, that the soul is merely an affair of the imagination. Naturally, I broke my beer glass over his head. So this morning we went to a quiet little spot beside the river, and there I gave him a materialistic argument of the highest power."

I looked at him utterly astounded.

"And you are going to Paris?" I replied after a moment of silence.

"Yes, I received my quarter's salary three or four days ago; this money will be enough for the journey. But there is not a minute to lose. You know the rigor of the dueling laws; the least that could happen me would be to pass two or three years in prison, and, indeed, I prefer to tramp the fields."

Hans Weinland related this to me while seated at my table, rolling a cigarette between his long, thin fingers. He gave me some details of his meeting with Major Krantz, and finished by telling me he had come to ask me for my passport, knowing that I had recently made a tour in France.

"It is true that I am eight or ten years older than you, but we are both very ruddy and very thin. I will make it all right by cutting off my mustache."

"Hans," I said, deeply moved, "I would like to render you the service you ask, but it is impossible; it is against my philosophical principles. My passport is in my bureau drawer, beside Kant's Pure Reason. I am going to take a walk in the Place des Acacias."

"Very well," he said; "I understand your scruples, Christian; they honor you, but I do not share them. Let us say good-bye, I will take charge of the rest."

Some hours later all the village learned with surprise that the professor of metaphysics, Hans Weinland, had killed Major Krantz with a furious rapier thrust. The police immediately began the search for the murderer.

They ransacked his little lodging in the Rue des Alouettes, but all their researches were fruitless.

The major was buried with the honors of his rank, and for six weeks this affair was the topic in the inn, but everything gradually returned to its accustomed order.

About fifteen months after this strange event, my worthy uncle, the Protector Zacharias, sent me to complete my studies at Paris. He desired to see me, and I went to his study, to his position; the only thing necessary was, as he put it, to make myself a light of science. I started at the end of October, 1831.

Upon the left bank of the Seine, between the Pantheon, the Val-de-Grace and the Jardin des Plantes, extends a quiet little street, the houses are high and tottering, the streets muddy and the inhabitants ragged.

If you happen to wander in this direction people stop at the street corners to look at you, others advance to the threshold of their hovels, others crane their necks to see you, and they all look at you with a covetous air, and these looks go to the very bottom of your pockets.

At the end of the quarter, in the Rue Copeau, there arises a house, narrow and isolated, between crumpling walls above which extend the dark branches of century-old elms. This house is entered by a low vaulted door; above the door gleams by night a lamp, suspended from an iron rod; above the lamp three bearded windows glimmer in the dark; still higher, three others; and so on till the sixteenth. It was there that the home of Madame Gentil, the widow of Sieur Gentil, ex-brigadier of the Royal Guard, that I had my trunk and books sent, at the express recommendation of the Dean Herr Van den Bosch, who remembered having lived in the same hotel in the time of the Empire.

I still shiver when I think of the sad days I spent in that abominable house, seated in the winter beside my little fire place, which gave out more smoke than heat, downcast and ill, besieged by Madame Gentil, who took advantage of me with a rapacious greed.

I will always remember how, after six months of mist and rain, of mud and snow, on a morning when I saw the first leaves budding my emotion was such that I had to sit down and burst into tears like a child. Nevertheless, I was twenty-two years old; I was thinking of the green firs of the Black Forest, and hearing our young girls sing with joyous voices:

"Tra, ri, ro, l'été vient encore une fois!"

and I was in Paris; I no longer saw the sun; I felt myself alone, abandoned in the immense city! My heart overflowed at last; I could restrain myself no longer; this little bit of verdure had moved me to the depths of my being. It is sweet to weep when thinking of one's fatherland. After a few moments of weakness, I went home, re-animated with hope, and bravely went to work again; a wave of youth and life had accelerated the movements of my heart. I said to myself, "If Uncle Zacharias could see me now, he would be proud of me." But here there took place a terribly mysterious event, whose remembrance terrifies me, and still overturns all my ideas of philosophy. Directly opposite my little window, on the other side of the street, between two lofty ruins, was a vacant lot, where weeds and shrubs grew in abundance. Five or six plum trees flourished in this damp neighborhood, shut in on front by an old wall of dry stones. A wooden sign on top of the wall bore the following:

LAND FOR SALE.

425 Mitres.

APPLY TO M. TIRAGO, ETC.

An old worn-out cask received this water from the eaves of the neighborhood, and let it escape into the grass. Thousands of atoms with gauzy wings, gnats and butterflies, eddied over this greenish pool, and when a sunbeam fell by chance upon it between the roofs of the houses, life could be seen teeming there like golden dust; two enormous frogs would show their flat noses upon the surface, dragging their long thread-like legs upon the water-lentils and swallowing the insects, which were engulfed in their throats by thousands.

At the end of the drain there was a shed of damp and musty planks, upon which a big red cat would take a walk, listening to the spar-

rows twittering in the trees, yawning, scratching its sides, and extending its claws with a melancholy air. I had often contemplated this corner of the world with a sort of terror.

"They are all living, swarming, devouring one another," would say to myself. "What is the source of this inexhaustible series of beings, from the atom whirling in the sunbeam to the star, lost in the depths of the infinite? What principle can explain to us this boundless, incessant and eternal prodigality of the first great cause?" and, my face between my hands, I would plunge into the abyss of the infinite.

Now, one day in June about eleven o'clock, as I was dreaming in this manner with my elbows on the window sill, I thought I saw an indistinct form gliding beneath the wall; then a gate opening and somebody crossing the briars to take shelter under the shed.

All this happened in the shade of the surrounding hovels. It was perhaps an illusion of my senses. But on the morning about five o'clock, on looking towards the pool I saw a tall fellow advancing from the shed, who with his arms crossed upon his breast looked steadfastly at me.

He was so tall, so lank, his clothes were so ragged, his hat so full of holes, that I had no doubt he was a robber, hidden there in his daytime to avoid the police, and who left his haunt at night to rob or even murder people. But judge of my surprise when this man, raising his hat, cried out to me:

"Good day, Christian, good day."

As I remained immovable, with gaping mouth, he crossed the enclosure, opened the gate and advanced into the deserted street.

I noticed then that he carried a heavy club, and I congratulated myself that I had not to talk with him *tele-a-tete*. How could this individual know me? What did he want of me? When he came before my window he raised his long, thin arms in a pathetic fashion.

"Come down, Christian," he cried. "Come down and let me embrace you. Ah, do not let me languish!"

You may well think I did not hasten to respond to his invitation. Then he began to laugh, showing magnificent white teeth under a reddish mustache.

"You do not recognize your professor of metaphysics, Hans Weinland? Must I show you his passport?"

"Hans Weinland! Is it possible? Hans Weinland, with those wrinkled cheeks, those sunken eyes! Hans Weinland in those rags! Yet, after a more careful look, I recognized him. A feeling of inexpressible pity seized me. 'Why, it is you, my dear professor!'"

"Myself! Come down, Christian; we shall talk more at our ease."

I hesitated no longer to descend. Madame Gentil had not yet risen, and I drew the bolt myself and Hans Weinland pressed me effusively to his breast.

"Ah, dear master," I cried with tears in my eyes, "in what condition do I again find you?"

"Oh, I am in good health; that's the main thing."

"But you must come up into my room and change your clothes."

"What's the use? I feel quite comfortable as I am."

"You are hungry, perhaps?"

"Not at all, Christian. I have lived a long time on rabbits' heads and chickens' feet. It is a kind of novitiate the god Faunus imposes upon me. My stomach is no longer more than a myth; it asks for nothing any more, knowing its demands would be useless. I do not eat; I smoke a pipe from time to time, that is all. The old fakir of Ellora would envy me."

And as I looked at him with an air of doubt: "That astonishes you! But know that this initiation into the mysteries of Mithras imposes upon us these trifling trials before investing us with a formidable power."

Talking this way, he drew me towards the Jardin des Plantes. The gates had just been opened, and the sentinel was on his high position; at the appearance of my companion that he looked as if he meant to forbid our passage, but Hans Weinland did not even seem to perceive this inclination and tranquilly pursued his way. The garden was still deserted.

While passing the gate of the garden, Hans pointed them out with his club and murmured: "Pretty little creatures, Christian; I have always had a predilection for this kind of reptile: they do not let one step on their tail without biting."

Then turning to the right, he led me through the labyrinth that leads to the cedar of Lebanon.

"Let us stop here at the foot of this tree," I said.

"No, let us ascend the terrace, one can see farther there; I like so much to see Paris and breathe the fresh air, very often pass hours in this observatory. It is that, too, which keeps me in your quarter. What do you expect? Everyone has his weakness."

We had arrived at the lamp, and Hans had taken his place upon one of the two large fossil stones which are placed upon the hillock. I remained standing in front of him.

"Well, Christian, what are you doing now? You are taking the courses in the Sorbonne and College de la France, are you not? Well, well! Does metaphysics interest you yet?"

"Mon Dieu, no very much."

"Ah, I suspected it; but what courses? The one holds to the form and believes itself ideal because the *beau ideal* is in the form. The other talks about the matter; for to it, matter is the first idea. Do you understand that? Matter is the first idea. What a folly! Ah, my dear Christian, what has become of the great schools of Albert de Grand, of Roger Bacon, of Paracelsus? What has become of the microcosm? What has become of the three principles: intellectual, celestial, elementary? The application of the three principles of Gogin, Nolden and many others, and the curious experiences of Glaser le Sage and—I?"

"But, my dear master, they were poisoners," I cried.

"Poisoners! They were the greatest astrologers of modern times, and true heirs of the kabala. The real poisoners are those charlatans who maintain the school of sophistry and ignorance. Don't you know that all the secrets of the kabala are beginning to find their application? The pressure of steam, the principle of electricity, chemical decompositions, to whom these admirable discoveries be attributed, if not to the astrologers? And our psychologists, our metaphysicians, what useful, applicable, or real discovery have they made, that they should call others ignorant and themselves wise! But I am getting excited; let us change the subject," and his face had an expression of savage ferocity.

"You must go away Christian," he said. "You must return to Tubingen."

"Why?"

"Because the hour of vengeance is at hand."

"What vengeance?"

"Mine."

"On whom do you wish to wreak vengeance?"

"On everybody! They have made sport of me, they have despised Maha Devi; they have called me a fool, a visionary; they have rejected the blue god to adore the yellow god. All right! Wee to this race of materialists!"

Rising, he looked over the whole city, his gray eyes gleamed, and he smiled.

I had no doubt his poverty had affected his brain; what could a poor wretch without even a lodging do against the city of Paris? After these threats he suddenly became calm; he motioned me to follow him, and we left the garden.

Christian, I have something to ask of you."

"What?"

"On whom do you wish to wreak vengeance?"

"On everybody! They have made sport of me, they have despised Maha Devi; they have called me a fool, a visionary; they have rejected the blue god to adore the yellow god. All right! Wee to this race of materialists!"

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"On whom do you wish to wreak vengeance?"

you all. But you must swear on your honor to carry out my orders in every point."

"I would gladly do it; but on one condition, that—"

"Then I promise you."

"That is enough."

We arrived at the enclosure. He pushed the gate and we entered.

I difficult for me to express the feeling of horror that filled me when, after having passed through the tall grass and shrubs I observed under the shed a number of skeletons lying in a heap. I would have fled, but Hans observed me and said with an imperious voice: "Sit down there," pointing out a huge stone between the pillars of the roof. I obeyed. Then, drawing out of his pocket a small clay pipe, he filled it with a yellowish substance and began to smoke it slowly. He sat down facing me, with extended legs, and his heavy club between his knees.

"Christian," he murmured, while an indefinable, muscular contraction deepened the hollows in his cheeks, "listen to me. In order to fulfill my intentions you must know one of our mysteries, yes, you must know one of the mysteries of Mithras. One of the strangest things in this world, Christian, is that while one-half of the globe is in the light, the other is in darkness; as a result, one-half of all animated beings sleep while the other half is awake. Now, nature, who does nothing uselessly, nature who simplifies everything and can thus obtain an infinite variety within an absolute harmony; nature, having decided that every living creature shall remain senseless half the time, has also decided that a single soul is sufficient for two bodies. This soul, which is transported from one hemisphere to the other with the quickness of thought, and leads two existences in turn. While the soul is at the antipodes the creature sleeps; its faculties roam; its matter reposes. When the soul returns to take the direction of its member, the creature awakes; matter is forced to obey mind. I need not tell you any more. This is not embraced in your course of philosophy, for it is known that your professors are very learned without understanding anything; but this explains the strange ideas that often take possession of your brain, the singularity of your dreams, the intuitive knowledge of worlds you have never seen, and a thousand other phenomena of this sort. What they call catalepsies, swoons, ecstasies, in short, all the phenomena of sleep in all its forms are explained by this law. Do you understand?"

"Well, very well; it is a sublime discovery."

"This is the least of the mysteries of Mithras," he resumed with a smile; "it is the first degree of initiation. But hear the result of the principle as far as it concerns me: The soul which animates me belongs equally to one of the secretaries of Maha-Devi, who lives at the foot of Mount Abuji, in the province of Sirohi, upon the southern frontiers of Joundpour; he is an Agori, or, if you prefer, an Aghorapanti, celebrated for his austerities, his long hair, his beard, like me, he is initiated to the third degree. When he sleeps I am awake, when he is awake I sleep. Do you understand me, Christian?"

"Yes," I replied, shuddering.

"Very well, this is what I want of you: My soul shall return two days in succession at Deessa, in the company of the goddess Kali. For that purpose my body must remain inert. What I am smoking now is opium. . . . If I should awake . . . before the proper time . . . fresh doses of opium . . . you have sworn it."

He could not finish, and fell suddenly into a profound stupor. I stretched him out with his head in the shade and his feet on the grass. His breathing, now fast, now slow, frightened me; and the mystery which this man had unveiled to me, the certainty that his soul had passed over immense regions in less than a second, inspired me with a sort of mysterious fear, as if all that unknown world were open to my view. I felt myself growing pale; my fingers trembled, my vital fluid seemed to flow to the very points of my hair. Add to this the heat of midday concentrated between these old ruins, the putrid emanations from the adjacent pool, the croaking of the two frogs who were beginning to lazily duet in the green algaes, the buzzing of the numberless insects who were dancing their endless round on the surface, and you will understand the gloomy impressions which filled my mind until evening.

At eight o'clock I went home to get a few hours repose. I had doubt that the sleep of Weinland would last till the morning.

In fact, the next day, about six in the morning, I found him in the same attitude; his breathing was quite regular. All the day and the next night were passed in the same condition. At the close of the second day about six o'clock I went to see if he was still sleeping. He was not; he had opened his eyes and was sitting up, looking at me with a fixed stare. He seemed to be waiting for me. On returning about seven by Rue Clovis, I seemed all at once to be followed, and looking behind me, was astonished to see nobody. Although the close of the day, an oppressive heat hung over the silent city; Weinland, who had just appeared on the street, not a movement, not a sound betrayed any life in the vast quarter of the Jardin des Plantes. Quickening my pace, I soon found myself at the gate of the enclosure, upon which I pressed my hand; it opened noiselessly. The door of my room opened, and I saw the green when Hans Weinland, paler than death, bounded towards me crying out:

"Run, Christian, run."

He pushed me back; his convulsed face, his glassy eyes, the trembling of his lips, betrayed the greatest terror. I was pushed into the street.

"Come, come," he cried, "hide yourself."

The widow Gentil rushed to the door and uttered piercing cries, believing that Weinland was robbing me; but he pushed her aside, rushed into the passage with me, and burst into a fit of diabolic laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!—the old lady—the old lady will pay for you—up, Christian—quick—the monster is already in the street—I feel it."

I ascended the steps four at a time, as if the spectre of death had already laid his claws upon me. The door of my room opened, and I closed upon us, and I fell into my arm chair, dumbfounded.

"Mon Dieu! what is the matter?" I cried. "This is horrible."

"I have just come from afar," said Weinland coolly. "I have been a prisoner for two days. I come from the banks of the Ganges, Christian, and I bring back a fine companion. Hear what is happening outside."

Listening, I heard a crowd of people running down Rue Copeau, then confused clamors. At this moment my eyes met those of Hans; a sombre, infernal joy illuminated them. "It is the blue cholera," he said in a low voice, "the terrible blue cholera." Then, becoming excited, he continued: "From the summits of Mount Abuji, above the great plumes of the palm trees, in the depths of the gorge in which the old Ganges drags along, I saw him hovering slowly over a corpse among the vultures. I beckoned him—he came—here he is, beginning his work: look."

A sort of fascination made me look into the street. A man of the people, whose shoulders and disheveled hair, was running, bearing a woman, whose head and limbs hung inert. As he passed beneath my window, I saw that the face of this unfortunate was covered with a bluish tint. She was quite young; the cholera had just struck her down, turned around, shaking her head from foot to head, Hans Weinland had disappeared.

The same day, without taking the time to pack my trunk, I ran to the coach office, Rue Notre Dame des Victoires. A diligence was starting for Strasbourg. I mounted it as a drowning man grasps a floating plank.

We started. People laughed and sang; no one yet knew of the invasion of France by the cholera. At every relay I asked: "Is the cholera here?" and everyone laughed.

The poor boy is crazy, my companions said. But when three days afterwards, half-crazed

SURPRISE

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the worker. It takes only half the time

and work to do the wash, without

boiling or scalding the clothes.

the clothes are not rubbed to pieces;

there's no hard rubbing—but the dirt

drops out and they're left snowy white.

the hands after the wash are

white and smooth—

not chapped.

READ the directions on the wrapper.

DEAR SPORTSMAN!

Have you everything ready for your SHOOTING TRIP? We have a "power" of goods in GUNS, RIFLES and accessories that are worthy your attention. If you use our LOADED AMMUNITION your shooting will improve 20 per cent.

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with fear, I related these strange events to my uncle Zacharias, he listened gravely and said: "You did well to come, Christian; look at the paper; twelve hundred persons dead already! It is a frightful affair!"

Sizing Up the Boy.

"I want to buy a pair of pants for my little boy," said a country woman to the clerk, as she entered an Arian clothing store.

"This way, if you please, madam; about what size?" enquired the amiable clerk.

"Well, I couldn't tell exactly without seeing 'em. Just show me some boys' pants."

"Of course; to be sure; how would these suit him?" and the clerk displayed a very cute affair for a boy of about five years.

"O, sakes alive! he's bigger'n that; he ain't no baby, Johnnie ain't."

"Would these be about the figure for him?" and the clerk presented another pair to view, very much larger.

"Law, no! he couldn't wear them no more'n nothin'."

"Well here's something that ought to fit him, I'm quite sure."

"Sakes alive! ain't you got nothin' bigger'n that?"

"Yes; but I thought you wanted them for a small boy."

"Well, he's quite a good sized boy."

"Here's another pair. I assure you these would fit a large-sized boy."

"Shoo! them wouldn't reach to his ankles. He'd be worse off in them than the ones he wears now. Git somethin' about a foot longer."

"You mean a man's size, don't you?"

"No, I don't. They're for my little boy."

"But we have nothing larger in boys' suits."

"You ain't?"

"No."

"Well, I don't know what I'll do; guess I'd better look some other place."

"Wait a minute; just look over here;" and the clerk conducted the woman to another department, and presented for her examination a pair of trousers designed for the adornment of a man of about six feet.

"Oh, them's the very thing. How much be they? Why didn't you tell me you had 'em afore?"

"Because I didn't know how big your little boy was. It seems to me he must be quite a chunk of a boy when a man's clothes fit him."

"Well, I declare to goodness; it must be that he's a man. I never once thought on it that way afore. It just struck me this minute. How they do grow up, don't they?"

And when a satisfactory bargain had been concluded the perplexed and surprised woman departed with her bundle.—*Detroit Free Press.*

And He Did.

He—Doctor, every time I raise a hand I'm completely knocked out with pain.

Doctor—Then you had better play some other game.

For Nervous Debility.

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE. Dr. A. M. Bilby, Mitchell, Dak., says: "I have used it in a number of cases of nervous debility, with very good results."

Wearing on Him.

Mr. Scraggs.—That man Jones never pays his fare; he just travels on his face.

Mrs. Scraggs.—I wondered what made his features look so irregular.

Is your blood poor? Take BECHAM'S PILLS.

The Responsibility Placed. Frank.—Who set this fashion of ladies wearing suspenders?

May.—Dr. Mary Walker, I believe.

The Pleasure of It.

Music.

HAVE you ever met the High Churchman who was wedded to Gregorian chanting? There are many of him nowadays, and he is always sneering at our Anglican chants and saying that the Gregorian is the only true chant music.

If you ask him why, he generally has no answer ready, but vouches for a pitying, "my poor benighted friend" sort of smile. I met several of the better sort of him a few evenings ago, and we had a long and interesting conversation on the subject, which enabled some of us to make up our minds on points which had been previously obscure to our minds. Those of my readers who may not know the difference between Anglican and Gregorian chants can pass these lines over, for they will not be interested in such a subject; still, there are many choristers in the Church of England in Canada who take ground very warmly in defence of one or the other of these two forms of musical expression, and a few words on the subject may find favor with such of my readers.

It seems to me that the whole question of Gregorians or not-Gregorians is one that for its answer depends entirely upon the surroundings of the people who have to decide. It is like a great many other questions which have arisen from the desire, or its opposite, to copy forms and details from the old Roman Catholic church. It should hardly follow that they should be desirable in the Church of England simply because they are old, any more than it should follow that they are objectionable simply because they have been in use in the Church of Rome. I can remember the time when the clerk sat under the reading desk at St. James' Cathedral in this city and thundered forth his responses, yet few would wish to see this re-introduced simply on the ground of its former use. It served its purpose in the days when it was done, but we have outgrown the conditions of those days, just as the introduction of gas made evening services possible where before that portion of the Sunday's worship had been carried on in the afternoon. When the seven o'clock service was introduced at old St. James' here, it raised quite an outcry because it was an innovation, yet no one would object to it now. So many of these customs have become such through the influence of climatic, social and architectural conditions.

If you wish to hear the Gregorians in all their beauty, you should hear a Gregorian mass in a Roman Catholic church. There you have the surroundings in which they were created and, generally speaking, you hear them as they should be sung, that is, antiphonal between chancel and choir, or between the men's voices and those of the boys. In the latter case you have the desirable antiphon between treble and male voices, a contrast which is more effective than most people have come to know. Then, again, the Gregorian tones are especially suitable to a long, gothic building, with high roof and side aisles. In such a church their grand and simple modulations come rolling and resounding, gaining both mystery and awe. In the Anglican churches the antiphonal system is, in most instances, changed to a mere alternation between the two sides of the choir, whereby the character of the contrast is lost. In Toronto there are unfortunately only two Anglican churches whose structural conditions are favorable to the use of Gregorians; for an open space, whether large or small, without the subdivisions of nave, aisles and transepts, to say nothing of the necessity of a proper choir, deprives this music of all its mystery and religious color. Any one who doubts this proposition should carry it to its extreme and try the effect of Gregorian tones in one of the amphitheatrical buildings popularly known to day as churches, when the drop from the sublime will speedily become evident.

Many details in the ritual of the churches were the result of the social condition of the masses at the time when these details were instituted. Just as formerly, some portions of the liturgy of the Church of England were repeated sentence by sentence after the priest, because the mass of the worshippers could not read, so the Gregorian tones with their contracted range are the relics of a time when music was limited in extent and treatment. It could hardly be urged that their retention should be a matter of duty, any more than that we should continue a repetition of sentences instead of reading with the clergy, or that we should forego in our churches artificial light and heat because our forefathers did so. People are too apt, both to urge and oppose changes, for sentimental reasons connected with the long standing and the associations of existing customs. I heard a good thing said by a clergyman some years ago when a number of brethren of the cloth were bantering each other good naturedly about the little differences between their respective creeds. He said: "You Presbyterians are just like children. You stand to pray and you sit to sing. To show that you are not Roman Catholics you do the exact opposite of what they do." There is a good deal of human nature in such an attitude, and we are not yet free from such weaknesses. There are many churches in Toronto in whose walls a tremendous outcry would be raised if an attempt were made to sing the Psalms. It would at once be deemed as an innovation of ritualism, yet twenty-odd years ago the Psalms were chanted every Sunday evening at St. Peter's church here, and nobody in his wildest moments would accuse that church of harboring ritualistic tendencies. The practice was discontinued, not as a matter of principle or conscience, but simply because they could not keep up a choir capable of the work.

For our churches here we have a plentiful supply of beautiful Anglican chant tunes, and there is now a Psalter (the Cathedral Psalter) whose pointing is so natural and easy, so thoroughly on the lines of ordinary, dignified and unaffected reading, that doubtful experiments which carry about them the gleam of a party color have become unnecessary and in judicious. The excellence attained by many choirs in the use of this psalter and the Anglican chant tunes only serves to accentuate the hybrid character of a Gregorian service sung as

it mostly is sung here, and given in a small church.

I have received from Messrs. I. Suckling & Son the latest song published by them, a tender ballad by Tosti, entitled, Why Beatest Thou My Heart.

On Saturday evening last the Comus, a new musical and literary club, opened their comfortable quarters in the Yonge street Arcade. A very interesting programme was furnished by the members. The opening selection was by the Toronto Mandolin and Guitar Club, Messrs. Jackson, Draper, Lauder and Sparks, followed by Messrs. Edgar J. Ebbels and Henry Blackie, elocutionists; Mr. J. H. Winters, basso; Mr. Harry N. Reid, baritone; Mr. T. A. Baker, comic; Mr. Harry Rogers, tenor; Mr. John McGrigor, Mr. James Maitland was the accompanist. Mr. W. R. Draper, the president, was in the chair and officiated in his usual happy manner.

Among the universities, colleges and other educational institutions in Toronto, there stands among the foremost in its particular branch of education the Toronto Conservatory of Music, which justly claims to be the "pioneer institution of its kind in Canada." Its success from the beginning has greatly exceeded the most sanguine hopes of its founders and many friends. The departments of instruction are very comprehensive, embracing no less than twelve, each devoted to a special field of work distinctive in character. The educational system is conducted under two general departments, the academic or preparatory, and the collegiate or graduating. The first leads the students through a carefully graded course to the point where they enter the collegiate, and then continue their studies until graduation, having no fear of sacrificing time and labor, correcting faults of previous mis-directed efforts. In this department the course of study is intended to occupy a period of at least three years, but advanced pupils are graded according to proficiency on entering, and may graduate in less time. The examinations in the collegiate department are held at the close of the second and fourth terms, and diplomas are granted to those passing the final examination, and they are entitled to the rank of A. T. C. M. (Associates of the Toronto Conservatory of Music). Those who in addition win also the theory diploma are entitled to the rank of Fellows of the Toronto Conservatory of Music (F. T. C. M.). Being affiliated with Trinity University the degrees of Bachelor of Music and Doctor of Music are attainable by students of the Conservatory. A special normal course has been arranged for students desiring to obtain a teacher's diploma, the winners of which are entitled to A. T. C. M. Students of the Conservatory have in addition several specific free advantages, among which are elementary classes in harmony, sight singing and violin, also ensemble piano instruction, and orchestral practice for advanced students. Lectures on Musical History, Aesthetics of Music, Analyses of Classical Works, Acoustics, Anatomy and Hygiene of the Vocal Organs, Health Principles and other similar subjects. Concerts and recitals are also given, at which the best works of the great masters are performed by students and professional musicians. A musical reference library has been established for the free use of students during the active hours of the Conservatory.

Amateur Stock-Raisers.

DOBSON lives on Dundas street, and having a stable behind his house he bought a cow this spring. Mrs. Dobson and the little Dobs had seen pictures of cows and had tasted real milk occasionally, and they were delighted. Mr. Dobson milked morning and evening and the whole family sat at a safe distance admiring him. Cows were known to be considerably less dangerous than polar bears, but still that cow was big and strong and worth watching. A short time ago a calf arrived, and it is the hero of this true tale. It was too pretty to be made into veal; it must be raised, but how under the sun to wean it was what puzzled the Dobsons.

"Oh, it's easy enough," said Dobson, when his wife expressed solicitude on the matter. "All you've got to do is to shut the cow away from it, and when it gets hungry give it a pail of milk."

They started the experiment Saturday night last, and all through the dark hours the baby bovine bawled and kept not only the Dobsons but all the neighbors awake. It was hungry. Dobson got up early and was hopping mad. He seized a pail of milk and set it before the calf, but it looked at him beseechingly and bawled worse than ever. Then he moved the pail closer and stirred the milk reassuringly with his fingers. Thereupon the calf bawled louder than ever, and the neighbors began to close their windows and doors and look over the fences and swore. At last in desperation Dobson seized the calf, and with a small milk pail poured a pint down its throat. But it threw him over its head and broke the pitcher. In justice to Mrs. Dobson I may say here that she did not put a bit on the calf. When it bawled again—bawled itself asleep. When it awoke an hour later it made up for time lost in slumber, and Dobson rushed at it with another pail and pitcher. To his aid came Mrs. Dobson and all the little Dobs. Mrs. D is a resourceful lady, and from a neighbor had borrowed a funnel used for pouring coal oil. When her husband had put the calf's head securely fastened between his legs she produced the funnel triumphantly, it was rammed down the mouth opened for bawling purposes. Mrs. D poured in the milk and the calf couldn't help itself. But it gained strength quickly and then bawled and bumped and raced around with Dobson on its back, while the little Dobs clapped their hands and wanted a ride too. Hidden behind window curtains all the neighbors were watching the fun, and the Dobsons hearing laughter from unseen onlookers hurried into the house. In their confusion forgetting half a pail of milk. They had no sooner got inside the house than the calf walked up, sniffed around and commenced to drink. The moral of this story is that city people should not raise calves; moreover, it proves that calves do take care to be weaned with spoons and sucking-bottles.

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Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

Rosedale. An orchestra stationed on the veranda played delightful music, and phonograph selections, songs and conversation sped the flying hours from eight to eleven o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty, Col. and Mrs. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. James Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Brodie, Mrs. Crawford, the Misses Livingston, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Tackaberry, Mr. and Mrs. Bourlier, Mrs. and the Misses Wilkes were among the many guests of the evening.

Mr. A. C. Winton left Toronto last Thursday for a couple of weeks' tour to Boston, New York and New Jersey. Mr. Winton is combining business with pleasure.

Hon. Lyman M. and Mrs. Jones, formerly of Winnipeg, have come to Toronto to reside. Mr. Jones has taken the spacious residence of Mr. Albert Nordheimer, corner of Bloor street and Avenue road.

Mr. Egerton Shore and Miss Katharine Shore of St. George street have just returned after an enjoyable European trip.

Miss Johnston of New York, Miss Merrill of Brockville, and Mr. W. Barley of Mitchell, have been the guests of Mrs. Hicks.

The lawn tennis tournament, which took up the attention of a very fashionable party last week, was a very great success. On Friday the hostesses were Mrs. Yarker and Mrs. Elmes Henderson; on Saturday, Mrs. Oliver Macklem and Mrs. James Henderson received the guests. Monday being the usual At Home day of the club, no particular hostesses were called upon to do the honors. Mrs. Kirkpatrick was present on Saturday and Monday. On Saturday she wore a pink and black costume, and on Monday a light olive green satin. Mrs. Banks looked well in black with blue trimming. Much admiration was accorded the little son of the Lieutenant-Governor, who wore a white sailor suit with light blue silk facings, which was charmingly chic. On Saturday I noticed Prof. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith and Miss Crooks, Mrs. H. G. Baldwin, the Misses Clark, the Misses Boulton, Miss Wilkie, Miss Dixon, Mrs. McCulloch, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. Merrick Banks, Mrs. McMahon, Mrs. John Cawthra, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Mr. George Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Kirkpatrick, Mr. F. E. Hodgins, Miss Merritt, Col. Fred Denison, Miss Cumberland, Miss Greene, Rev. T. C. and Mrs. Macklem, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Tait, Miss Hagarty, the Misses Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Yarker, Mr. Allan Cassels and many others. Mrs. Kirkpatrick smilingly presented the prizes and the winners were loudly cheered. This tournament, which was, I believe, the first handicap given by a Toronto club, was most successful both as to excellence of play and number of entries. Among the best players of the older members are Messrs. Matthews, Kerr, Plummer, Macklem and Kirkpatrick, while the newer members may be proud of Messrs. Jack Moss, Smellie and Tait. The success of the handicap tournament will no doubt lead to its repetition on the same lines.

The fair promised to be held by the ladies of Toronto in aid of the St. George's Society Fund is taking shape. A meeting was held at the residence of Mrs. Herbert Mason on Wednesday evening and some arrangements completed. I hope by next week to give some interesting forecasts of what bids fair to be a grand success.

Miss Mason's waltz, Government House, is published and has already been played to admiring hearers.

The theaters have scarcely filled up yet with their usual winter audiences. A capital play was enjoyed by the Lieutenant Governor and party on Wednesday evening at the Grand. Among the audience I noticed: Mr. and Mrs. Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. Goulding, Mr. and Mrs. Ridout and party, Mr. and Mrs. William Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. Mara and party, Mr. and Mrs. Denison and party. A magnificent theater bodice of claret satin almost covered with gold passementerie and sequins, set off the bonnie form of one of the prettiest women in Toronto.

Miss Sadie McKenna of Cote des Neiges, Montreal, is visiting Mrs. Haldimand of Euclid avenue.

Mrs. Willie Galbraith returned home last week after spending a most delightful summer at Maplehurst, Muskoka.

The Wanderers' Bicycle Club held their race meet this afternoon at Rosedale.

A happy wedding party assembled last Wednesday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George Furness, 601 Spadina avenue, to witness the marriage of Miss Maude Lillian Little and Mr. Andrew Low of Barrie, who were united in matrimony by the Rev. F. G. Plummer of St. Matthias. The bride wore a white silk gown with silver passementerie, and a veil which was as remarkable for its association as its beauty, it having shrouded the blushes of several members of the handsome bride's family. Miss Gertrude Little was bridesmaid, and though not "divinely tall" like her sister, she was blonde and bonnie, in a pale blue mull frock and crystal girdle. Mr. F. G. Hornsby of Barrie was the best man. Mr. and Mrs. Low left for the wedding trip by the late train. Mrs. Low's going-away gown was a very chic gray and brown, with hat to match.

A Difficult Problem

Hoffman Howes—I see by the papers that the pwnice started waining hoses five yeas ago.

Howell Gibson—Ya-as. And we must do everything the pwnice does.

Howell Gibson—Ya-as. And we must do everything the pwnice does.

Their Weakness.

Mr. Needabath (in City Hall Park)—I'm sprised tar see you sittin here lookin' at the water. Water! Ugh!

Weary Wiggin—Yes; but you see the fountain is playin', not workin'. Workin'! Ugh!



A Fashionable Bag.

The above engraving represents a bag which is now used to a large extent by both ladies and gentlemen. It is light in weight, can easily be carried in the hand, and is sufficiently large to contain everything requisite for a short trip. Outside straps run around the bag, which enables the traveller to carry a rug or waterproof. Sizes run from twelve to eighteen inches, and price from \$2.00 to \$6.00 for a very fine bag. H. E. Clarke & Co. carry a very large assortment of these goods at their handsome store, 105 King street west.

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Out of Town

CLINTON.

On Thursday evening, September 15, in the Opera House here, an exceedingly fine and highly appreciated elocutionary and musical recital was given by Miss Harriett Mar Sibley, late of the Detroit School of Training, but now of the Hardy School at Duluth, and Miss Hattie Combe, graduate of the Conservatory of Music of Toronto. Great interest was taken in this entertainment, the parents of these ladies residing in this place and being well and favorably known. Miss Sibley has only recently graduated, yet her histrionic ability has attracted much attention in many cities in the States, where she has appeared many times before critical audiences. Her renditions of such pieces as Vashli, Hiawatha, Photographing, Cabel's Courtship, Winter's Tale, and other difficult pieces, were greatly appreciated. Miss Hattie Combe performed many difficult pieces on the piano and proved herself a thoroughly accomplished musician. Both ladies are exceedingly pretty and very popular, and their many friends here predict for them a brilliant future. Miss Sibley has been visiting her home here for several weeks and leaves in a short time for Duluth, and will be unable to accept the many engagements offered her.

GODERICH.

Mrs. Tom of Montreal and her sister, Miss Hutchison, have returned from a trip to Europe. Mrs. Tom is spending a few weeks at her home here.

Mr. C. Heale has returned to New York, where he is engaged with the Harper Bros.

Mrs. Frank Jordan and little Ernest are visiting their friends at Montreal.

Mr. Hilton Holmes is in the Bank of Commerce.

Mr. Rob Le Tonzel left this week to pursue his studies at the Medical College, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Mrs. (Judge) Toms and Miss Sibyl have gone to Indianapolis, where they will remain for a few months.

NIAGARA-ON-THE LAKE.

Miss Fanny Shanklin is the guest of Miss Beaven.

Mr. M. Boyd has been spending a few days with Mr. A. C. Howe.

Mrs. Cash is the guest of Mrs. H. Paffard.

Mr. Arthur Arnold returned to Chicago on Tuesday.

Miss Constance Hewgill left last Wednesday for St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Hunter left on Friday for a six weeks' trip through the North-West.

Mr. N. Merritt of St. Catharines, who has been spending a week or two in town, returned home last Saturday.

Miss Begue of Dandras is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Forbes Geddes.

Miss C. Arnold is spending a few days with friends at Fort Erie.

Miss M. Roberts is the guest of Mrs. G. Warren.

Capt. Milroy's many friends will learn with regret of his serious illness, which necessitated his removal to the hospital in Toronto.

Mr. Percy Hodgins has been spending his holidays here.

The Anchorage is once more deserted. Mr. Syer left last Wednesday for Toronto en route to Chicago, accompanied by Mr. Herbert and Master Joe Syer on their way to Trinity College

October First

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School, Port Hope. Mr. W. Syer returned to Chester, Penn., on Tuesday.

Miss Hunter of Seaford is at Mrs. Miller's.

Rev. J. Ardill of Merriton was in town on Monday.

GALATHEA.

Regard for Appearances.

Mrs. McGrogan-Mulligan (at De Ato's annual ball)—Phwy do ye be shoppin' y'r purty dress rubbin' th' waist wid grass?

Daughter (a neglected wallflower)—To make it look as if some wan had danced wid me.

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mos is a harmless antiseptic, destroying and removing the germs and poisons of all micro-organisms that grow and draw their sustenance from the human skin, thereby

discoloring and marring its beauty. I use this for my

clean, and Pansoline white lamb wool oil for softening, cleansing and nourishing the skin. I use the best that M. D's and Specialists can make and recom-

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ment will be given a free hot air antiseptic inhaling treat-

ment, endorsed as the best specialty as a germ and microbe

destroyer. The great question of to-day is not so much

the cure as the prevention of disease. You need have no

fear of cholera if you try the TRIUMPH at C. STEDMAN

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During the months of July and August MISS HOLLAND will be prepared to offer the balance of her Fine Millinery Stock, together with Flowers, Feathers, Ribbons, &c., at an undercost for cash.

MISS DUFFY'S Mantles, Wraps, Jackets, &c., are also reduced to half price, and ladies desiring travelling or boating garments should take this opportunity of replenishing their wardrobe at low cost.

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A capital corrective to acidity.—Dr. Sutherland.
Its saline ingredients are normal.—Prof. Wanklyn.

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HAMILTON.
Mrs. J. M. Gibson gave a delightful afternoon tea on Tuesday. Those present were: Mesdames Hobson, Turner, Osborne, Malloch, Jones, Walker, Misses Logie, Osborne, Crerar, Turner, Watson and Briggs.

Miss Hyman of London is the guest of Mrs. Garrett, Hess street south.

Miss Douglas Bruce is one of the new arrivals from England, where she has spent the past two years finishing her studies.

Mr. T. H. MacPherson arrived home this week from a three months' trip in the Old Land. On Thursday afternoon the residence of Mrs. Garrett was the scene of a brilliant gathering of the fair sex, who were received by Mrs. Garrett and her daughter and their charming guests.

Miss Hyman of London. Mrs. Garrett was attired in a handsome gown of black velvet and white faille. Miss Garrett wore a very pretty house gown of white crepe with gold galleon, and Miss Hyman wore a pretty black lace gown. Among the guests were: Mesdames Lottridge, Glasco, Walker, Hendrie, Jones, Gartshore, Sanford, Mackelcan, Dunlop, Charlton, Brooks, Woolverton, Calder, Turner, Mills, W. K. Mills, Greening, Harvey, Yates of Brantford and Findlay, Misses Sanford, Gartshore, Mills, Hutchison, Harvey, Leggat, Lottridge, Dunlop, Hendrie, Moore, Watson, Turner, Hobson, Martin, Robinson, Fair and Findlay. The table was prettily decorated with white and pink. The costumes worn on this charming autumn afternoon were chic and very artistic, and it would be very hard for me to describe the many gowns, as my time does not permit it. In the evening a few young people enjoyed an impromptu dance.

Mrs. Herbert Yates and Miss Fair of Brantford are the guests of Mrs. Herron of George street.

Senator and Miss Sanford left on Saturday for the North-West and British Columbia, and will visit a short time at the senator's ranch. They expect to be gone about six weeks.

Mrs. R. B. Skinner has returned home after a delightful summer spent in England, and has been quite restored to health.

Among those who arrived from the Beach are: Mr. and Mrs. R. Hills, Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Crerar, Mr. and Mrs. Mackelcan, Mr. and Mrs. Vallance, Mr. and Mrs. Worthington, Mr. and Mrs. Teetzel, Mr. and Mrs. Powis, Mr. and Mrs. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. E. Jackson Sanford. The season has been very bright at this charming spot, and many regrets are expressed at leave-taking.

Mrs. Prentice of Fairleigh Park entertained a few friends at afternoon tea on Tuesday afternoon, in honor of Miss Henwick of Port Hope.

Miss Queenie Crerar arrived home from England last Monday, and will be one of the charming debutantes this season.

Mrs. T. H. Stinson and her brother, Mr. R. K. Hope, returned from Cushman's Island this week, where the sea breezes have proved beneficial to Mrs. Stinson, who has recovered from her recent illness and is now quite convalescent.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Ramsay left for Boston on Monday evening, where they will spend two weeks.

Mrs. and Miss McGivern left on Thursday evening for England, via New York, and will remain abroad for seven months.

Miss Chapman has returned from London, where she has been visiting for a few weeks.

The wedding of Mr. W. A. Logie, one of our popular young barristers, to Miss Wylie of Almonte, took place last week at the residence of the bride. They will reside in Hamilton, where the bride is well known and popular.

Mr. A. Gartshore left for Philadelphia to see the cricket match between Ireland and the Quaker City team. It is regretted very much here that the Gentlemen of Ireland did not play a match with our cricket team, but we live in hope of some future occasion.

Dr. Griffin has returned home from a continental tour and resumed his busy practice.

Miss Emily Ramsay leaves for a visit to Montreal this week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Ramsay and Miss Ramsay arrived from the continent on Monday, after a charming summer.

Mr. Henderson of Kingston is the guest of Mr. J. S. Hendrie, Hunter street.

Misses E. & H. Johnston, 122 King street west, will hold their autumn opening on Tuesday and Wednesday, September 27 and 28. Their display of dress and millinery novelties is well worthy your inspection.

His Reputation

"I don't think," began Howell Gibbon, "So I have heard," quickly responded the cruel girl.

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Webster's Great Dictionary, \$1.25. Well bound books, all good authors, 16.; best of 16 bound, 19. Paper cover books, all good authors, 7c, regular price 25c. Dore's Bible Gallery and other works, 95c. These last are Cassell's best edition.

Shawl straps in great variety, 10c., reduced from 25c. We will close a large consignment of beautiful Albums at less than cost of importation, and not one-half of usual cost. See them.

Boys' Safety Bicycles, \$6, were \$13, and with rubber tire \$8, were \$16. Boys' High Wheel, \$3.50, were \$7.50. Baby Carriages, \$5.50, were \$10. Hammocks, 50 per cent. of real value.

Handsome Croquet Sets, 65c., worth \$1.25; Toilet Paper, full 1000 sheet package, 9c., Roll, 10c.

An immense display of Agate Ironware Teapots, 50c., worth \$1.25; Pressing Kettles at half price; best Crown and Gem Freezing Jars, plates, 50c.; quarts, 35c.; 2 quarts, \$1.24.

Closing out a lot of beautiful Window Blinds, complete, 40c., worth \$1.25. Purses, new designs and best French goods, at less than half usual price.

Shore closes at 6:30 p.m., except Saturday evening, open until 10:30 p.m. Come and see.

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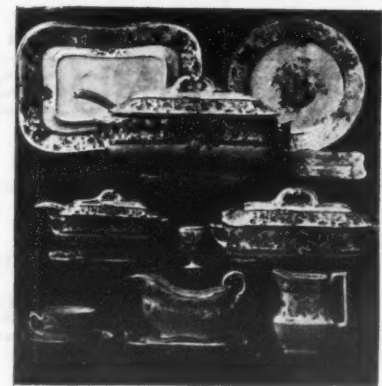
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Births.

BOYD—On September 7, the wife of Henry Ormsby

Boyd, Calgary, N. W. T.—a son.

WARWICK—On September 21, the wife of C. E. War-

wick, 53 Winchester street—a son.

GOLD—Sept. 11, Mrs. Wm. S. Gold—a daughter.

BENNETT—Sept. 18, Mrs. Arch. Bennett—a daughter.

BROWN—Sept. 15, Mrs. Charles J. Brown—a son.

WALKER—Sept. 3, Mrs. A. E. Walker—a son.

WOOD—Sept. 15, Mrs. E. R. Wood—a son.

HARGREAVES—Sept. 13, Mrs. Hargreaves—a daughter.

EDDIS—Sept. 15, Mrs. F. Eddis—a daughter.

FERGUSON—Sept. 11, Mrs. G. Fergusson—a daughter.

GREEN—Sept. 15, Mrs. W. Green—a daughter.

NICHOL—Sept. 9, Mrs. W. Nichol—a son.

BARUM—Sept. 15, Mrs. J. L. Barum—a son.

LOYD—Sept. 11, Mrs. A. Lloyd—a daughter.

WILTSHIRE—Sept. 14, Mrs. H. Wiltshire—a son.

ANDERSON—Sept. 10, Mrs. Geo. Anderson—a daughter.

WARREN—Sept. 5, Mrs. Charles Warren—a daughter.

Marriages.

WATTS—LECKIE—Sept. 15, William Watts to Emily

Leckie.

LOW—LITTLE—Sept. 14, Andrew Low to Maud Little.

BINMORE—ROBERTSON—Sept. 13, Fredrick Binmore to

Mary Stuart Robertson.

MOTT—GORDON—Sept. 20, Hon. H. Mott to Martha

Gordon.

BALDWIN—GALBRAITH—Sept. 13, Cyrus Baldwin to

Kate Galbraith.

JARETT—STICKLAND—Sept. 10, Thomas Jarrett to

Ella May Stickland.

WHELAN—BALDWIN—Sept. 20, C. P. Whelan to Anna

Baldwin.

MILBANE—LOUGH—Sept. 13, Rev. John Milbank to Julia

Forbes Lough.

TURNBULL—CRAWFORD—Sept. 7, T. W. Turnbull to

Margaret Crawford.

DRAYTON—CAWTHRA—Sept. 14, H. L. Drayton to

Edith M. Cawthra.

HOLME—JACKSON—Sept. 14, Eric Holmes to S. M. Jack-

son.

JARVIS—MEREDITH—Sept. 14, Ernest F. Jarvis to Ethel

Colborne Meredith.

DILWORTH—YEGH—Sept. 14, R. J. Dilworth to Nellie

Yegh.

HILL—KIRKBRIDE—Sept. 14, Byron J. Hill to Annie

Kirkbride.



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—TENNYSON.

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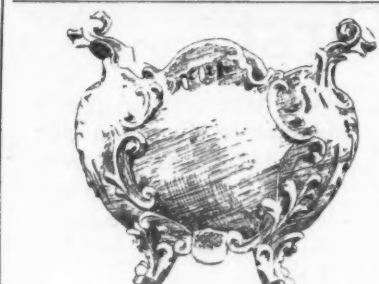
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